SUPERMAN
No. 59
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COMIC MAGAZINE!
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
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ACTION COMICS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
APRIL
10¢
WAR BONDS & STAMPS SMASH AXIS TANKS TOO!

SUPERMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Cinderella

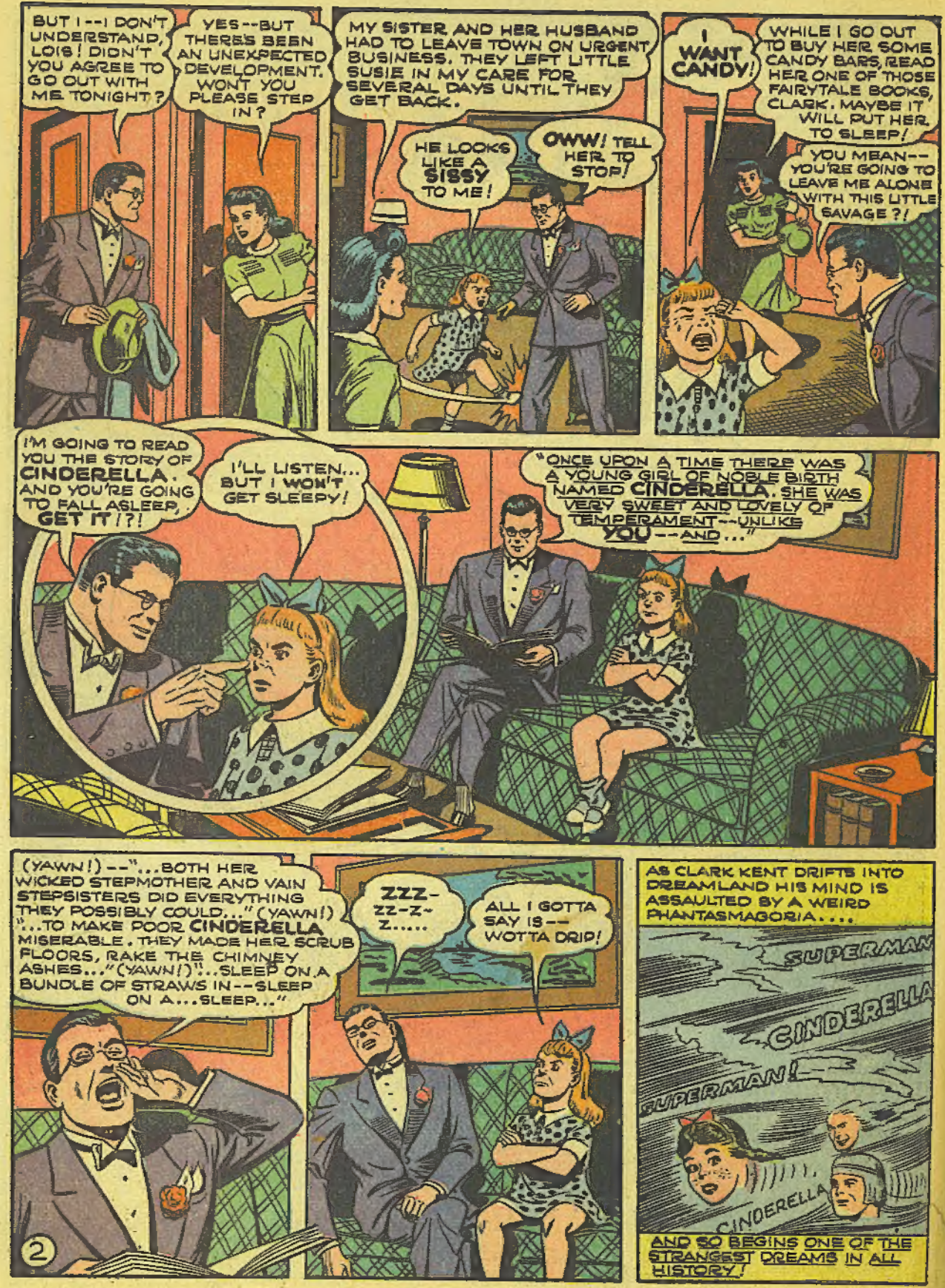
SUPERMAN! HELP ME!!

COMING, CINDERELLA!

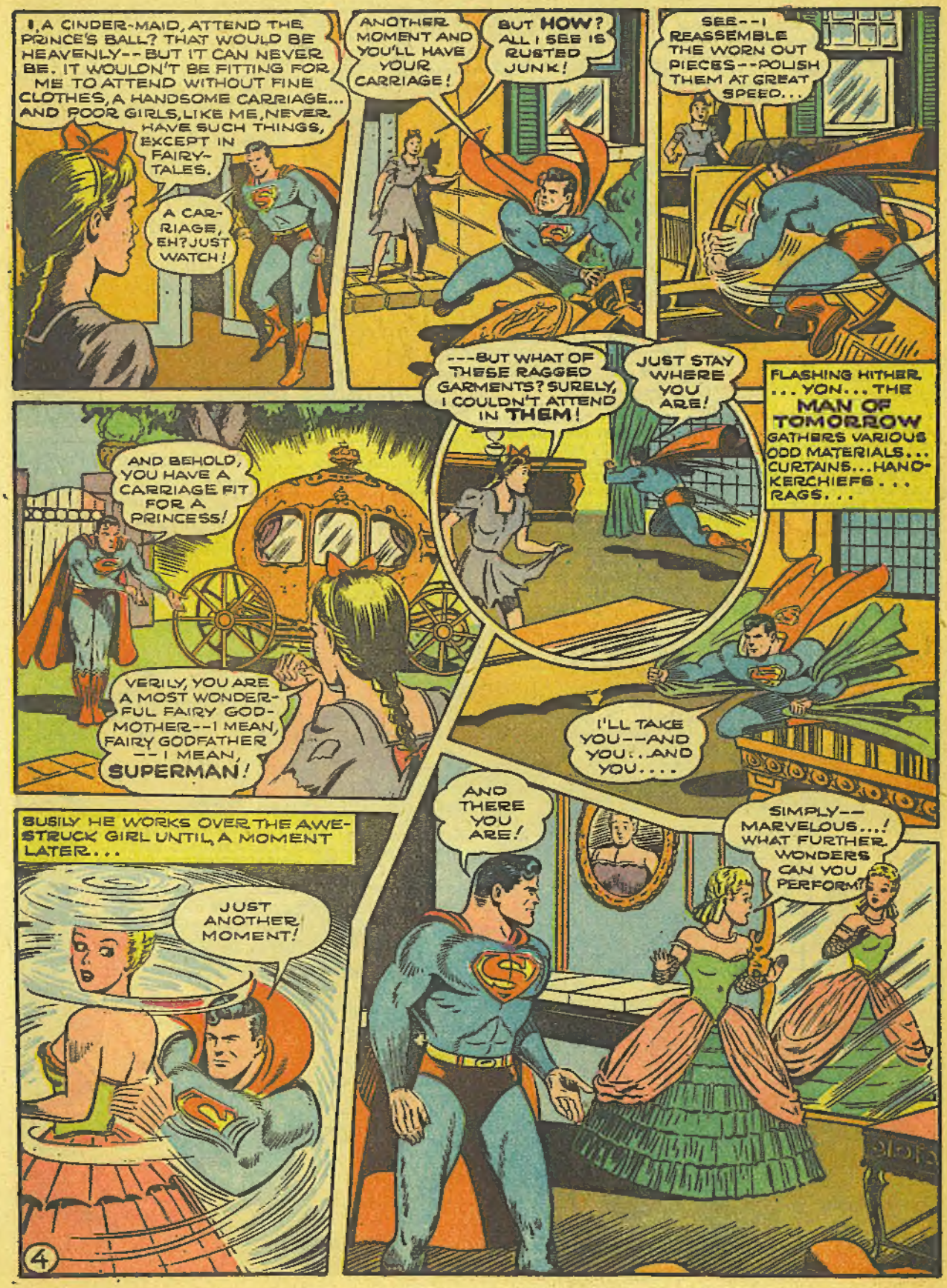
Once upon a time there was an unusually pretty and sweet girl named CINDERELLA - her widowed father, a nobleman, had married again so that his orphaned daughter would receive a mother's kindly care. But the stepmother proved to be a cruel woman whose meanness was excelled only by her two equally cruel daughters. The three made poor CINDERELLA's life miserable by dressing her in rags, forcing her to do all the menial labor in the home and...

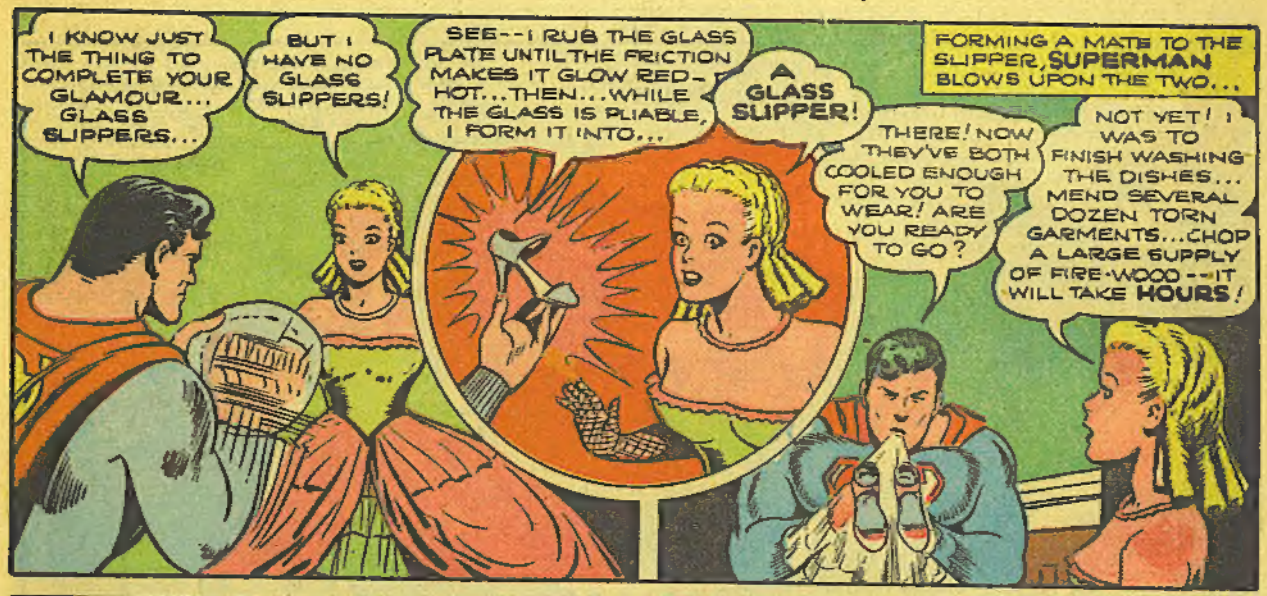
Does that sound familiar? It certainly should, for it is the story of CINDERELLA, the fairytale read and loved by all of us! But what is CINDERELLA, perennial-favorite of the young, doing in a rousing SUPERMAN tale? That, dear reader, is something you can find out by turning the page and beginning the enchanting fantasy entitled..... "CINDERELLA--A SUPERMAN!"

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

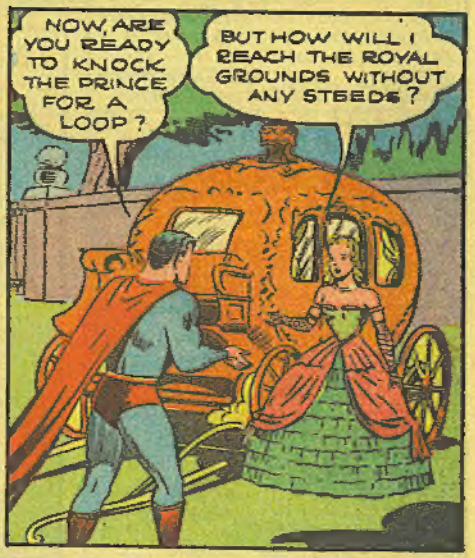

BUT I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND, LOIS! DIDN'T YOU AGREE TO GO OUT WITH ME TONIGHT?
YES--BUT THERE'S BEEN AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT. WON'T YOU PLEASE STEP IN?
MY SISTER AND HER HUSBAND HAD TO LEAVE TOWN ON URGENT BUSINESS, THEY LEFT LITTLE SUSIE IN MY CARE FOR SEVERAL DAYS UNTIL THEY GET BACK.
HE LOOKS LIKE A SISSY TO ME!
OWW! TELL HER TO STOP!
I WANT CANDY!
WHILE I GO OUT TO BUY HER SOME CANDY BARS, READ HER ONE OF THOSE FAIRYTALE BOOKS, CLARK. MAYBE IT WILL PUT HER TO SLEEP!
YOU MEAN--YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THIS LITTLE SAVAGE?!
I'M GOING TO READ YOU THE STORY OF CINDERELLA. AND YOU'RE GOING TO FALL ASLEEP, GET IT!?!
I'LL LISTEN... BUT I WON'T GET SLEEPY!
"ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL OF NOBLE BIRTH NAMED CINDERELLA. SHE WAS VERY SWEET AND LOVELY OF TEMPERAMENT--UNLIKE YOU--AND..."
(YAWN!)--"...BOTH HER WICKED STEPMOTHER AND VAIN STEPSISTERS DID EVERYTHING THEY POSSIBLY COULD..." (YAWN!) "...TO MAKE POOR CINDERELLA MISERABLE. THEY MADE HER SCRUB FLOORS, RAKE THE CHIMNEY ASHES..." (YAWN!)"...SLEEP ON A BUNDLE OF STRAWS IN--SLEEP ON A...SLEEP..."
ZZZ-ZZ-Z-Z.....
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS--WOT'TA DRIP!
2
AS CLARK KENT DRIFTS INTO DREAMLAND HIS MIND IS ASSAULTED BY A WEIRD PHANTASMAGORIA....
SUPERMAN
CINDERELLA
SUPERMAN!
CINDERELLA
AND SO BEGINS ONE OF THE STRANGEST DREAMS IN ALL HISTORY!

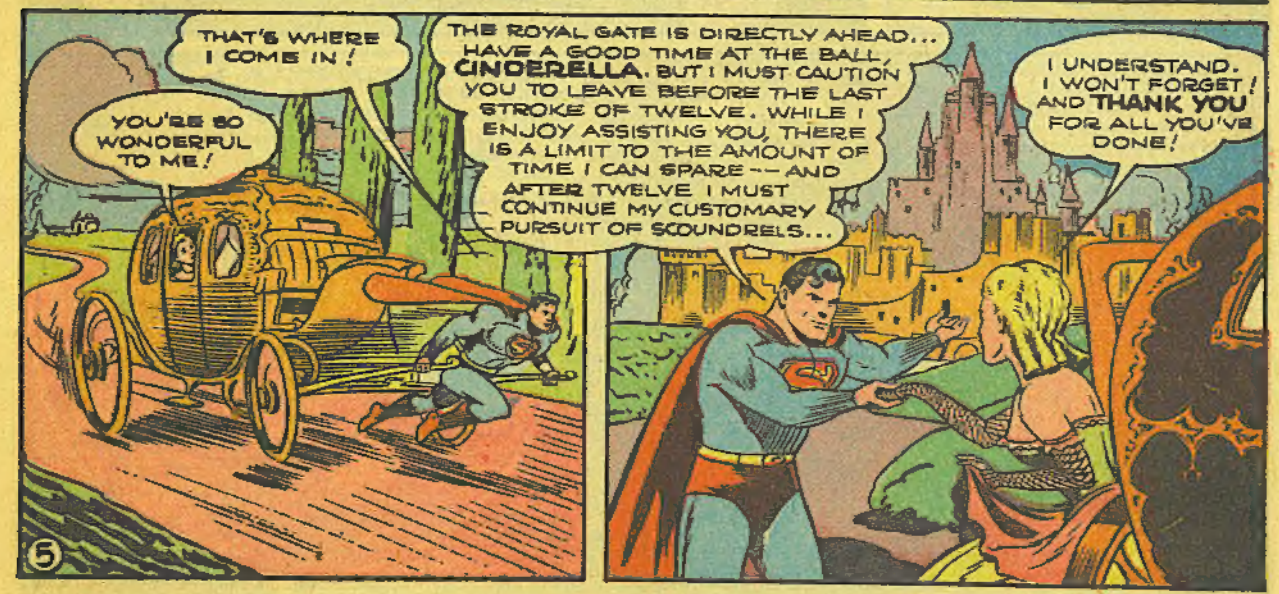
POACHING ON THE KING'S PRIVATE PRESERVES, EH?
OH--
--MY!
TWO POACHED YEGGS COMING UP! IS THERE ROOM FOR THEM IN THE KING'S DUNGEON?
WE'VE ALWAYS ROOM FOR RASCALS!
WEEPING FROM WITHIN THIS HOUSE--MY X-RAY EYES SHOULD INFORM ME WHOSE HEART IS BREAKING...
HOW DARE YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT SO SLIGHT A TASK AS ARRANGING YOUR STEPSISTERS' HAIR, AFTER HAVING MERELY WASHED THE HOUSE CLEAN FROM CELLAR TO GARRET?
I--I WASN'T COMPLAINING. I WAS JUST MENTIONING HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF I COULD ATTEND THE PRINCE'S BALL TONIGHT WITH MY STEPSISTERS!
MIND THAT YOU KEEP YOUR PLACE, CINDERELLA!
TEE HEE! A CINDER-MAID ATTEND THE PRINCE'S BALL? HOW UTTERLY ABSURD!
THEY'VE GONE--GONE TO THE PRINCE'S BALL! I--I'M NOT ENVIOUS OF THEM ...BUT I'D HAVE LOVED SO TO SEE THE DANCERS IN THEIR FINE CLOTHES...AND PERHAPS...TO HAVE JOINED IN THE GOOD FUN...
POOR KID! I'D SURE LIKE TO HELP...OOPS! TRIPPED!
OH-HH--!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, CINDERELLA. IT'S ONLY I--SUPERMAN! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU.
SUPERMAN! I--I'VE HEARD OF YOU!
I KNOW THAT YOU'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO ATTEND THE PRINCE'S BALL TONIGHT. WELL, TAKE IT FROM ME --YOU'RE GOING!!
3

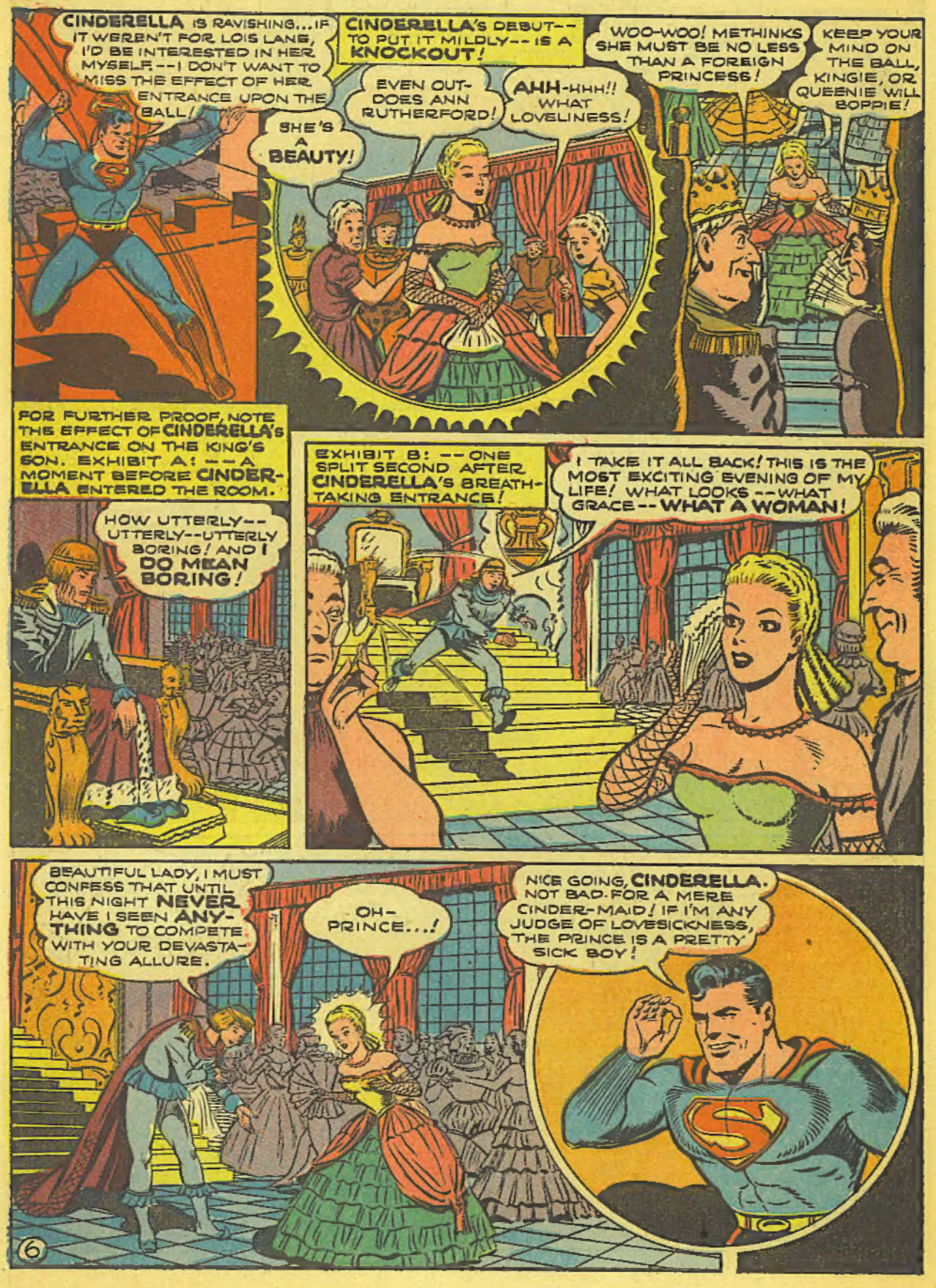

I, A CINDER-MAID, ATTEND THE PRINCE'S BALL? THAT WOULD BE HEAVENLY--BUT IT CAN NEVER BE. IT WOULDN'T BE FITTING FOR ME TO ATTEND WITHOUT FINE CLOTHES, A HANDSOME CARRIAGE... AND POOR GIRLS, LIKE ME, NEVER HAVE SUCH THINGS, EXCEPT IN FAIRY-TALES.
A CARRIAGE, EH? JUST WATCH!
ANOTHER MOMENT AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CARRIAGE!
BUT HOW? ALL I SEE IS RUSTED JUNK!
SEE--I REASSEMBLE THE WORN OUT PIECES--POLISH THEM AT GREAT SPEED...
---BUT WHAT OF THESE RAGGED GARMENTS? SURELY, I COULDN'T ATTEND IN THEM!
JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
FLASHING HITHER ... YON... THE MAN OF TOMORROW GATHERS VARIOUS ODD MATERIALS... CURTAINS...HANDKERCHIEFS... RAGS...
AND BEHOLD, YOU HAVE A CARRIAGE FIT FOR A PRINCESS!
VERILY, YOU ARE A MOST WONDERFUL FAIRY GODMOTHER--I MEAN, FAIRY GODFATHER --I MEAN, SUPERMAN!
I'LL TAKE YOU--AND YOU...AND YOU....
AND THERE YOU ARE!
SIMPLY--MARVELOUS...! WHAT FURTHER WONDERS CAN YOU PERFORM?
BUSILY HE WORKS OVER THE AWE-STRUCK GIRL UNTIL, A MOMENT LATER...
JUST ANOTHER MOMENT!
4

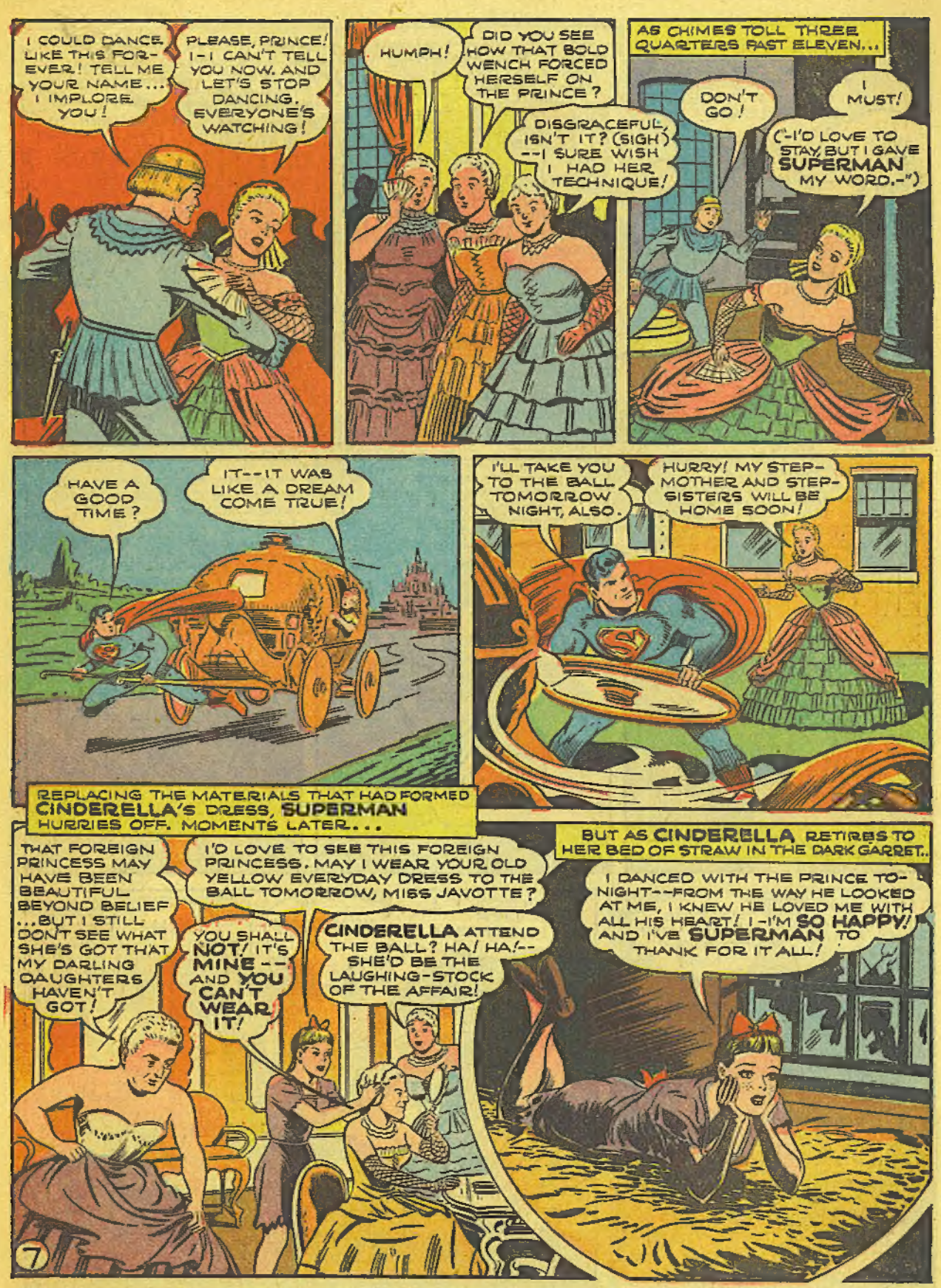

I KNOW JUST THE THING TO COMPLETE YOUR GLAMOUR... GLASS SLIPPERS...
BUT I HAVE NO GLASS SLIPPERS!
SEE--I RUB THE GLASS PLATE UNTIL THE FRICTION MAKES IT GLOW RED-HOT...THEN...WHILE THE GLASS IS PLIABLE, I FORM IT INTO...
A GLASS SLIPPER!
FORMING A MATE TO THE SLIPPER, SUPERMAN BLOWS UPON THE TWO...
THERE! NOW THEY'VE BOTH COOLED ENOUGH FOR YOU TO WEAR! ARE YOU READY TO GO?
NOT YET! I WAS TO FINISH WASHING THE DISHES... MEND SEVERAL DOZEN TORN GARMENTS...CHOP A LARGE SUPPLY OF FIRE-WOOD--IT WILL TAKE HOURS!

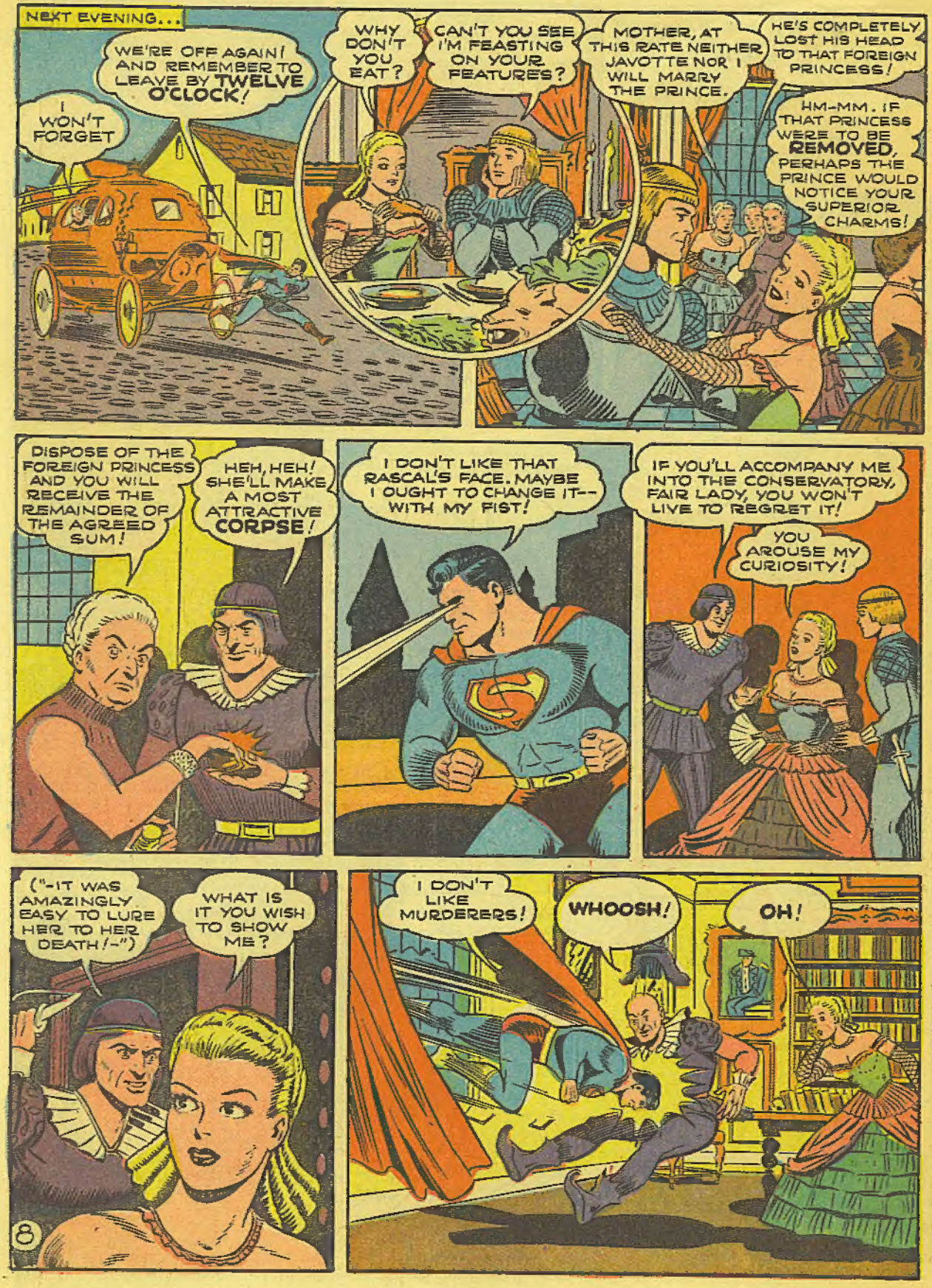
WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE! SUPERMAN IS PERFORMING ALL MY LABORIOUS TASKS--IN MOMENTS!


NOW, ARE YOU READY TO KNOCK THE PRINCE FOR A LOOP?
BUT HOW WILL I REACH THE ROYAL GROUNDS WITHOUT ANY STEEDS?


THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!
YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL TO ME!
THE ROYAL GATE IS DIRECTLY AHEAD... HAVE A GOOD TIME AT THE BALL, CINDERELLA. BUT I MUST CAUTION YOU TO LEAVE BEFORE THE LAST STROKE OF TWELVE. WHILE I ENJOY ASSISTING YOU, THERE IS A LIMIT TO THE AMOUNT OF TIME I CAN SPARE--AND AFTER TWELVE I MUST CONTINUE MY CUSTOMARY PURSUIT OF SCOUNDRELS...
I UNDERSTAND. I WON'T FORGET! AND THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE!
5

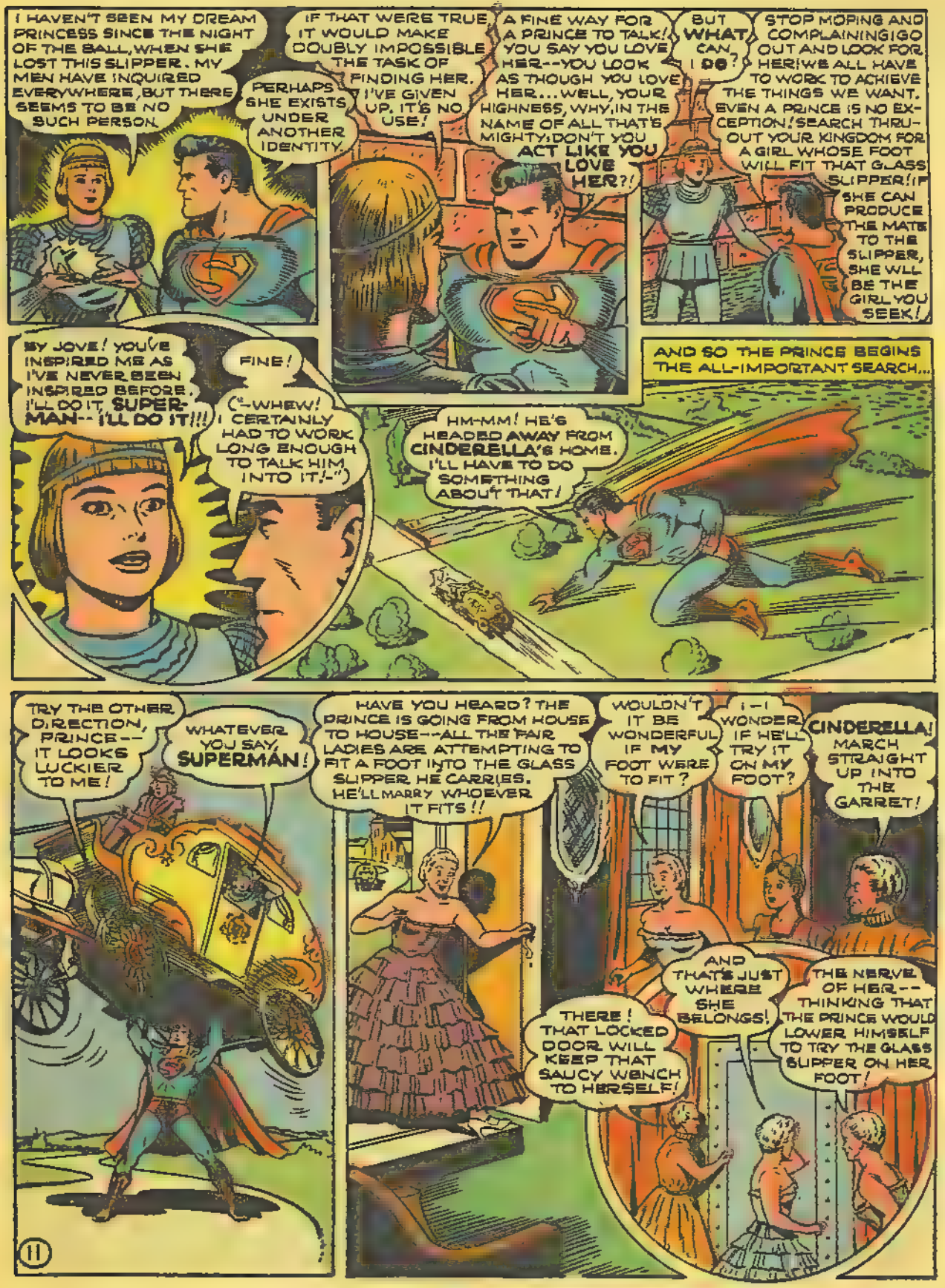

CINDERELLA IS RAVISHING...IF IT WEREN'T FOR LOIS LANE, I'D BE INTERESTED IN HER MYSELF.--I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE EFFECT OF HER ENTRANCE UPON THE BALL!
CINDERELLA'S DEBUT--TO PUT IT MILDLY--IS A KNOCKOUT!
EVEN OUT-DOES ANN RUTHERFORD!
AHH-HHH!! WHAT LOVELINESS!
SHE'S A BEAUTY!
WOO-WOO! METHINKS SHE MUST BE NO LESS THAN A FOREIGN PRINCESS!
KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE BALL, KINGIE, OR QUEENIE WILL BOPPIE!
FOR FURTHER PROOF, NOTE THE EFFECT OF CINDERELLA'S ENTRANCE ON THE KING'S SON. EXHIBIT A: --A MOMENT BEFORE CINDERELLA ENTERED THE ROOM.
HOW UTTERLY--UTTERLY--UTTERLY BORING! AND I DO MEAN BORING!
EXHIBIT B: --ONE SPLIT SECOND AFTER CINDERELLA'S BREATH-TAKING ENTRANCE!
I TAKE IT ALL BACK! THIS IS THE MOST EXCITING EVENING OF MY LIFE! WHAT LOOKS --WHAT GRACE--WHAT A WOMAN!
BEAUTIFUL LADY, I MUST CONFESS THAT UNTIL THIS NIGHT NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANY-THING TO COMPETE WITH YOUR DEVASTA-TING ALLURE.
OH-PRINCE...!
NICE GOING, CINDERELLA. NOT BAD FOR A MERE CINDER-MAID! IF I'M ANY JUDGE OF LOVESICKNESS, THE PRINCE IS A PRETTY SICK BOY!
6

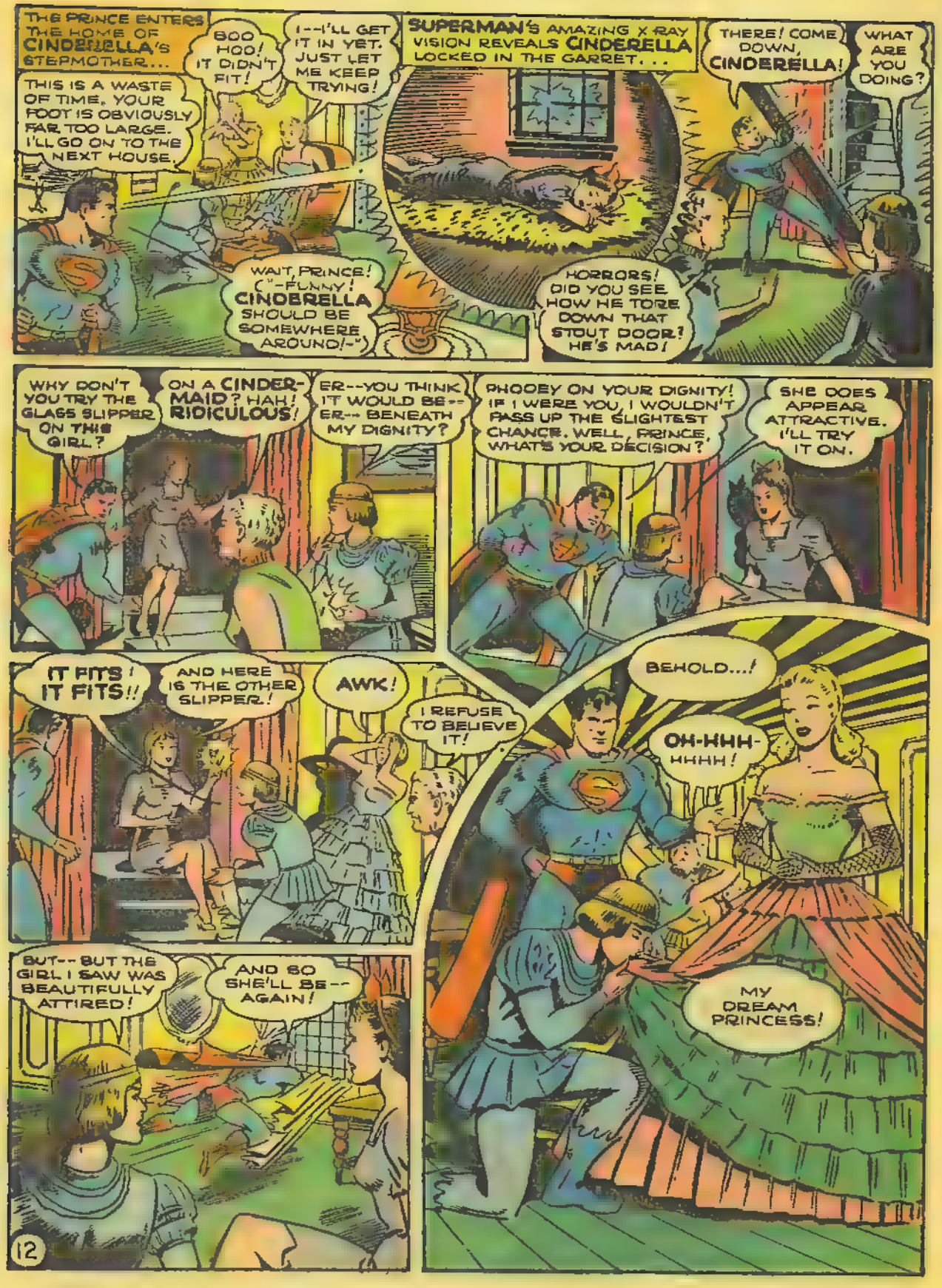

I COULD DANCE LIKE THIS FOREVER! TELL ME YOUR NAME... I IMPLORE YOU!
PLEASE, PRINCE! I-I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW. AND LET'S STOP DANCING. EVERYONE'S WATCHING!
HUMPH!
DID YOU SEE HOW THAT BOLD WENCH FORCED HERSELF ON THE PRINCE?
DISGRACEFUL, ISN'T IT? (SIGH) --I SURE WISH I HAD HER TECHNIQUE!
AS CHIMES TOLL THREE QUARTERS PAST ELEVEN...
DON'T GO!
I MUST!
("-I'D LOVE TO STAY, BUT I GAVE SUPERMAN MY WORD.-")
HAVE A GOOD TIME?
IT--IT WAS LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE!
I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE BALL TOMORROW NIGHT, ALSO.
HURRY! MY STEP-MOTHER AND STEP-SISTERS WILL BE HOME SOON!
REPLACING THE MATERIALS THAT HAD FORMED CINDERELLA'S DRESS, SUPERMAN HURRIES OFF. MOMENTS LATER...
THAT FOREIGN PRINCESS MAY HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL BEYOND BELIEF ...BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT SHE'S GOT THAT MY DARLING DAUGHTERS HAVEN'T GOT!
I'D LOVE TO SEE THIS FOREIGN PRINCESS. MAY I WEAR YOUR OLD YELLOW EVERYDAY DRESS TO THE BALL TOMORROW, MISS JAVOTTE?
YOU SHALL NOT! IT'S MINE -- AND YOU CAN'T WEAR IT!
CINDERELLA ATTEND THE BALL? HA! HA!-- SHE'D BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE AFFAIR!
BUT AS CINDERELLA RETIRES TO HER BED OF STRAW IN THE DARK GARRET..
I DANCED WITH THE PRINCE TONIGHT--FROM THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME, I KNEW HE LOVED ME WITH ALL HIS HEART! I-I'M SO HAPPY! AND I'VE SUPERMAN TO THANK FOR IT ALL!
7


NEXT EVENING...
I WON'T FORGET
WE'RE OFF AGAIN! AND REMEMBER TO LEAVE BY TWELVE O'CLOCK!
WHY DON'T YOU EAT?
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M FEASTING ON YOUR FEATURES?
MOTHER, AT THIS RATE NEITHER JAVOTTE NOR I WILL MARRY THE PRINCE.
HE'S COMPLETELY LOST HIS HEAD TO THAT FOREIGN PRINCESS!
HM-MM. IF THAT PRINCESS WERE TO BE REMOVED, PERHAPS THE PRINCE WOULD NOTICE YOUR SUPERIOR CHARMS!
DISPOSE OF THE FOREIGN PRINCESS AND YOU WILL RECEIVE THE REMAINDER OF THE AGREED SUM!
HEH, HEH! SHE'LL MAKE A MOST ATTRACTIVE CORPSE!
I DON'T LIKE THAT RASCAL'S FACE. MAYBE I OUGHT TO CHANGE IT-- WITH MY FIST!
IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME INTO THE CONSERVATORY, FAIR LADY, YOU WON'T LIVE TO REGRET IT!
YOU AROUSE MY CURIOSITY!
("-IT WAS AMAZINGLY EASY TO LURE HER TO HER DEATH!-")
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO SHOW ME?
I DON'T LIKE MURDERERS!
WHOOSH!
OH!
8

INTERFERING FOOL! YOU SHALL DIE!
YOU SLAY ME... WITH LAUGHTER!
SUPERMAN! HE HAS A KNIFE!
IT S-S-SNAPPED!
THE NEXT THING TO SNAP AROUND HERE WILL BE YOUR NECK! GET BACK TO THE BALL, CINDERELLA, AND LEAVE THIS KNAVE TO ME!
I'M SURE YOU'LL GIVE THE SCOUNDREL THE PUNISHMENT HE MERITS!
YOU SEE THIS FIST? IT CAN SMASH THRU WALLS--CRUSH SOLID ROCK! IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THE PRINCE'S EMPLOY AT ONCE, IT WILL CONNECT WITH YOU!
I--I'LL RESIGN --BUT QUICKLY!
HAVE--HAVE YOU ATTENDED TO HER?
AHA--SO HERE YOU ARE!
THAT'S FOR GETTING ME IN TROUBLE WITH SUPERMAN!
OWW!
SUDDENLY, CINDERELLA IS AWARE THAT THE CLOCK IS TOLLING MIDNIGHT!
DING
DONG
PRINCESS, WAIT!
THE CLOCK-- STRIKING TWELVE!!
SHE'S GONE! BUT SHE DROPPED HER GLASS SLIPPER! AND--AND I STILL DON'T KNOW HER NAME!
9

SORRY TO FORCE YOU TO LEAVE WHEN YOU WERE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME, CINDERELLA, BUT I'VE JUST LEARNED OF A GREAT CRIME WAVE BURSTING ON THE KINGDOM AND I'VE GOT TO LEAVE AT ONCE TO UNCOVER THE CRIMINALS!
I'M THE ONE TO BE SORRY--FOR FORGETTING TO WATCH THE HOUR MORE CLOSELY!
I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW DAYS, GOOD LUCK, CHILD!
AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU, SUPERMAN! I LOVE THE PRINCE, BUT--I THINK YOU'RE THE WONDERFULLEST AND KINDEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
IN THE ENSUING DAYS, THE MAN OF STEEL SPEEDS ABOUT THE KINGDOM BATTLING THE RISING CRIME WAVE...
I WON'T REST UNTIL THIS CRIMINAL TERROR IS SMASHED!
FINALLY, HE CAPTURES THE RINGLEADER.
YOU CROOKS ARE CERTAINLY THICK AROUND THE NOODLE. I'LL BET IT WILL BE CENTURIES BEFORE YOU REALIZE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
NIGHT TIME--A GANG OF ASSASSINS ATTACK THE PRINCE IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS SLEEPING CHAMBER...
DEATH TO THE PRINCE!
KILL ME IF YOU WANT--BUT QUICKLY!
THERE'LL BE NO KILLING HERE TODAY!
IT'S THE ONE-MAN-ARMY!
WHY DIDN'T YOU DEFEND YOURSELF?
THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS. I HAVE NO DESIRE TO LIVE.
BUT YOU'RE YOUNG--YOUR WHOLE LIFE STRETCHES AHEAD OF YOU...A LIFE OF SERVICE, OR..
WHY LIVE--IF I CAN'T FIND HER!!


I HAVEN'T SEEN MY DREAM PRINCESS SINCE THE NIGHT OF THE BALL, WHEN SHE LOST THIS SLIPPER. MY MEN HAVE INQUIRED EVERYWHERE, BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE NO SUCH PERSON.
PERHAPS SHE EXISTS UNDER ANOTHER IDENTITY.
IF THAT WERE TRUE IT WOULD MAKE DOUBLY IMPOSSIBLE THE TASK OF FINDING HER. I'VE GIVEN UP. IT'S NO USE!
A FINE WAY FOR A PRINCE TO TALK! YOU SAY YOU LOVE HER--YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU LOVE HER... WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS, WHY, IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S MIGHTY, DON'T YOU ACT LIKE YOU LOVE HER?!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
STOP MOPING AND COMPLAINING! GO OUT AND LOOK FOR HER! WE ALL HAVE TO WORK TO ACHIEVE THE THINGS WE WANT. EVEN A PRINCE IS NO EXCEPTION! SEARCH THROUGHOUT YOUR KINGDOM FOR A GIRL WHOSE FOOT WILL FIT THAT GLASS SLIPPER! IF SHE CAN PRODUCE THE MATE TO THE SLIPPER, SHE WILL BE THE GIRL YOU SEEK!
BY JOVE! YOU'VE INSPIRED ME AS I'VE NEVER BEEN INSPIRED BEFORE. I'LL DO IT, SUPERMAN--I'LL DO IT!!!
FINE!
(~WHEW! I CERTAINLY HAD TO WORK LONG ENOUGH TO TALK HIM INTO IT!~)
AND SO THE PRINCE BEGINS THE ALL-IMPORTANT SEARCH...
HM-MM! HE'S HEADED AWAY FROM CINDERELLA'S HOME. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!
TRY THE OTHER DIRECTION, PRINCE--IT LOOKS LUCKIER TO ME!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SUPERMAN!
HAVE YOU HEARD? THE PRINCE IS GOING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE--ALL THE FAIR LADIES ARE ATTEMPTING TO FIT A FOOT INTO THE GLASS SLIPPER HE CARRIES. HE'LL MARRY WHOEVER IT FITS!!
WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF MY FOOT WERE TO FIT?
I--I WONDER IF HE'LL TRY IT ON MY FOOT?
CINDERELLA! MARCH STRAIGHT UP INTO THE GARRET!
THERE! THAT LOCKED DOOR WILL KEEP THAT SAUCY WENCH TO HERSELF!
AND THAT'S JUST WHERE SHE BELONGS!
THE NERVE OF HER--THINKING THAT THE PRINCE WOULD LOWER HIMSELF TO TRY THE GLASS SLIPPER ON HER FOOT!
11


THE PRINCE ENTERS THE HOME OF CINDERELLA'S STEPMOTHER...
THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME. YOUR FOOT IS OBVIOUSLY FAR TOO LARGE. I'LL GO ON TO THE NEXT HOUSE.
BOO HOO! IT DIDN'T FIT!
I--I'LL GET IT IN YET. JUST LET ME KEEP TRYING!
WAIT, PRINCE! ("-FUNNY! CINDERELLA SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE AROUND!-")
SUPERMAN'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION REVEALS CINDERELLA LOCKED IN THE GARRET...
THERE! COME DOWN, CINDERELLA!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HORRORS! DID YOU SEE HOW HE TORE DOWN THAT STOUT DOOR? HE'S MAD!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE GLASS SLIPPER ON THIS GIRL?
ON A CINDER-MAID? HAH! RIDICULOUS!
ER--YOU THINK IT WOULD BE-- ER-- BENEATH MY DIGNITY?
PHOOEY ON YOUR DIGNITY! IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T PASS UP THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE. WELL, PRINCE, WHAT'S YOUR DECISION?
SHE DOES APPEAR ATTRACTIVE. I'LL TRY IT ON.
IT FITS! IT FITS!!
AND HERE IS THE OTHER SLIPPER!
AWK!
I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT!
BEHOLD...!
OH-HHH-HHHH!
MY DREAM PRINCESS!
BUT-- BUT THE GIRL I SAW WAS BEAUTIFULLY ATTIRED!
AND SO SHE'LL BE-- AGAIN!
12

MY OWN SWEET BEAUTIFUL ONE--LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING WITHOUT YOU--YOU MUST MARRY ME SOON--THIS VERY DAY--NOW!
AND--AND I LOVE YOU, TOO!
I'VE BEEN A SELFISH, CRUEL OLD WOMAN! FORGIVE ME!
I'VE BEEN MEAN, INTOLERABLE, HATEFUL, AND TERRIBLE TO YOU!
AND I'VE BEEN EVEN WORSE!
ARISE--I FORGIVE YOU ALL. AND I WANT YOU ALWAYS TO LOVE ME.
AND SO CINDERELLA AND HER PRINCE WERE MARRIED THAT VERY DAY. AND SUPERMAN WAS SEATED IN THE PLACE OF HONOR...
WE WILL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU.
I DESIRE NO REWARD. ONLY TO SEE YOU TWO HAPPY.
SOME DAY I SHALL BE KING. AND THEN ANYTHING IN THE KINGDOM SHALL BE YOURS FOR THE ASKING.
SUPERMAN! HELP ME!
HELP! HELP!!
COURAGE! I'M COMING!
OUCH! WH-WHAT HIT ME?
THE FLOOR! SO YOU WERE GOING TO READ SUSIE TO SLEEP, EH?
ONLY HE'S THE ONE WHO FELL ASLEEP.
I HAD THE FUNNIEST DREAM. I DREAMT I WAS BACK IN THE DAYS OF CINDERELLA... THAT I WAS SUPERMAN... AND THAT I AIDED HER INSTEAD OF THE FAIRY GODMOTHER COMING TO HER HELP.
THE ONLY THING FUNNY ABOUT YOUR DREAM WAS THE POSSIBILITY OF YOUR BEING SUPERMAN!
CLARK KENT--SUPERMAN? HA! HA! THAT IS FUNNY!
SUSIE STILL REFUSES TO FALL ASLEEP. WELL, NOW I CAN GO HOME, FINISH READING THE BOOK, AND FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO CINDERELLA!
Cinderella
THE END.
13

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, MEMBERS! This month's Superman of the U. S. Army is Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, who undertook a mission of the greatest importance to the success of the Allied invasion of French North Africa.

Tall, lean, hawk-beaked, Clark was well qualified to perform this mission of great danger and excitement. Born into an Army family in May, 1896, at Madison Barracks, New York, young Mark lived in the tradition of the U. S. Army. He was graduated from West Point in time to participate in World War I. Wounded in action, he was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart. Today, at forty-six years of age, he is Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Northwest Africa and one of the youngest generals in the U. S. Army

The mission for which Clark was made a Lieutenant General led to the complete occupation of the vast French colonial empire in seventy-six hours. Dressed in civilian clothes, Clark and his companions went to Scotland, travelling in a blacked-out train. Transferred to automobiles, they were taken to a flying field, whence they were flown to a ship at sea. At some later point, the intrepid group was put aboard a fast motor torpedo boat and taken to a rendezvous with a submarine which carried them to a point off the coast of North Africa.

Pockets crammed with money, some food, and carrying service revolvers, the men went ashore in Algiers to meet with French officers at a friendly home.

The first night of their arrival, Clark and his companions lay in the underbrush awaiting a signal that all was well. No light appeared and Clark did not know whether they had been betrayed. This was one of the worst situations of the mission. The next night the light appeared. They were met by the owner of the house who told them that he had sent away all his servants to avoid suspicion.

Taking up the story himself, General Clark describes what he found:

"The house was filled with French officers in uniform, although they had come in civilian clothes," he said. "We conferred all day and night until we had gathered all the information we wanted."

Then word was received that a suspicious servant had tipped off the Vichy police. "I never saw such excitement in my life," Clark went on. "Maps disappeared like lightning. . . ." The French officers scattered in all directions. While the owner argued with the police, Clark waited, hidden in the wine cellar, revolver in one hand and 15,000 francs in the other, ready to meet either violence or corruption. "If the police came down," Clark said, "I was uncertain whether to shoot them or bribe them." Luckily, the police went away without searching the cellar.

On the way back to their secret rendezvous with a transport, a leaky boat in which they were negotiating a stretch of water, upset. Pants, shirts, money, practically everything else except their precious papers went by the board.

Hiding by day and walking all night, they finally reached the coast and England. They brought back with them:

Complete plans of all French military installations in North Africa.

The dispositions of all troops.

The data as to what French leaders could be counted on as friendly.

The numbers, types and equipment of all garrisons.

Plans for the delivery of all airfields to the American Air Force upon the moment of its arrival.

The skill and courage displayed by General Clark is typical of that employed by the men who lead our army today. They are indicative of the type of leadership that will carry us forward to Victory!

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN, APRIL
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

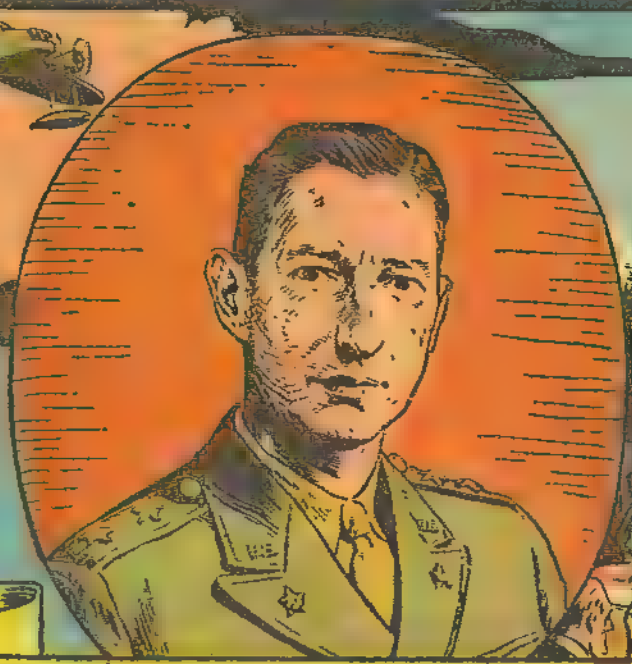
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY



LIEUTENANT GENERAL MARK W. CLARK
of Madison Barracks, New York

Born May 1, 1896, he is the youngest Lieutenant General in the United States Army and Deputy Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces engaged in the current successful military operations in Northwest Africa.

Graduated from West Point in time to participate in World War I, he was wounded in action and awarded the Order of the Purple Heart.

The mission for which Clark was made a Lieutenant General led to the complete occupation of the vast French colonial empire in seventy-six hours. It was a mission of great danger and excitement.

Clark and his intrepid companions, pockets crammed with money, were secretly landed in Algiers to meet with French officers at a friendly house.

"The house was filled with French officers in uniform, although they had come in civilian clothes," Clark said. "We conferred all day and night until we had gathered all the information we wanted."

Tipped off that Vichy police were on the way to raid them, the French officers scattered in all directions. "Maps disappeared like lightning," Clark went on. While the owner argued with the police, Clark waited, hidden in the wine cellar, revolver in one hand and 15,000 francs in the other, ready to meet either violence or corruption. "If the police came down," Clark said, "I was uncertain whether to bribe them or shoot them." Luckily the police went away without searching the cellar.

On the way back, a leaky boat upset. Pants, shirts, money, practically everything except their precious papers went overboard. Hiding, by day and walking all night, they finally reached the coast and England. General Clark had done his job so well that when American troops landed in Africa they knew the disposition of all French troops, the data as to what French leaders could be counted on as friendly, the numbers, types and equipment of all garrisons, and the airfields that would be turned over to the American Air Force upon the moment of its arrival.

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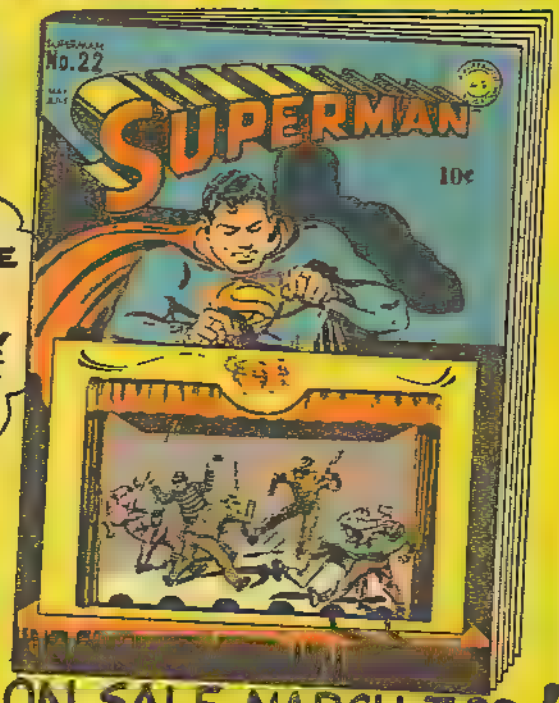
PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH U.S. WAR DEPT. PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE IS HEREBY GRANTED.

HOLY MOLEY! THE PRANKSTER IS BACK!

---AND WHAT AN EXCITING TIME SUPERMAN HAS WITH HIM WHEN THE PRANKSTER BLACKMAILS THE ENTIRE NATION BY COPY-RIGHTING *THE ALPHABET!* IT'S ONE OF THE FASTEST, MOST UNUSUAL SUPERMAN YARNS EVER!

--AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A SQUIFFLE IS, YOU'LL FIND THE AMAZING ANSWER IN *ANOTHER* STORY IN THIS SWELL NEW ISSUE! AND FOR GOOD MEASURE THERE ARE *TWO MORE* ZOOMING SUPERMAN ADVENTURES, TOO!



ON SALE MARCH 3RD!

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE!

SUPERMAN! BATMAN! BOY COMMANDOS!

---YES, GENERAL, IT'S THE *ONLY* MAGAZINE CONTAINING *ALL THREE* OF THOSE *TOP* FEATURES!

CORRECT, ADMIRAL! AND LOTS OF *OTHER* GREAT ACTION STORIES IN THOSE 96 PAGES! YESSIR, IT'S TOO GOOD TO MISS!!

NOW ON SALE

VIGILANTE
"Fiddler's Fee!"
GLUG!
YOU, Too, CAN SINK U-BOATS
BUY
PITY THE BLIND
DIAMONDS AND EMERALDS ONLY--
There was a crooked man who lived in Crooked Lane, And fiddled crooked tunes To gather crooked gain-- Who led a crooked crew Down a crafty, crooked trail... Till the VIGILANTE came along And danced him straight--to jail!
MORT MORTON and CHARLEY

THIS IS CROOKED LANE--WHERE BY DAY MEN PLY ANCIENT TRADES IN QUAINT SHOPS LEFT OVER FROM YESTERDAY...

...AND WHERE BY NIGHT, FURTIVE COMINGS AND GOINGS ARE FREQUENT...

OKAY, GENTS--THE COAST IS CLEAR!

BLAST MY HEADLIGHTS--THIS IS A CREEPY COVE!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

I'VE HEARD OF QUEER YARNS IN MY DAY--BUT NONE TO TOP THIS 'UN!

QUIET, SAILOR! THE FIDDLER DOESN'T GIVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!

A TORRENT OF WEIRD NOTES FLOWS FROM THE HANGING VIOLIN IN SWIFT-PACED RHYTHM, MAKING A WILD AND EERIE TUNE-- BUT NOT A MEANINGLESS ONE...

HERE COMES THE CODE PART--B-R-A-D-Y H-O-T-E-L L-O-B-B-Y A-T E-L-E-V-E-N -- THAT'S ALL, CHUMS--WE'LL GET FURTHER ORDERS THERE!

DE FIDDLER DON'T TRUST US WIT' TOO MUCH INFORMATION, DOES HE?

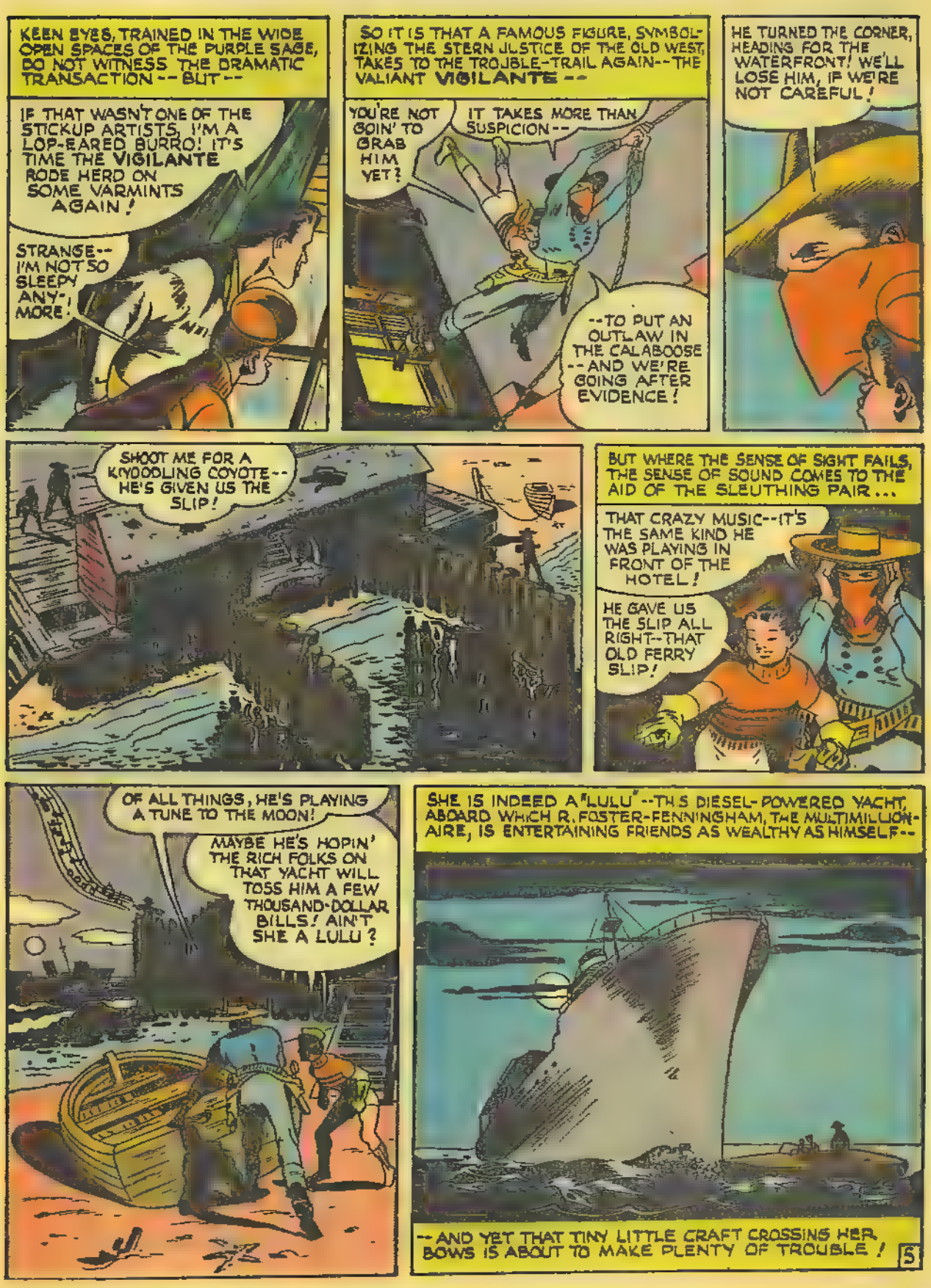
WHAT OF IT? HE'S HELPING US MAKE MONEY--AND BY DIRECTING THE MOB'S OPERATIONS ON THE SPOT, HE CAN CHANGE HIS PLANS TO TAKE CARE OF ANY SURPRISES THAT COME UP!

THE **FIDDLER**--MYSTERIOUS MAESTRO OF MENACE...

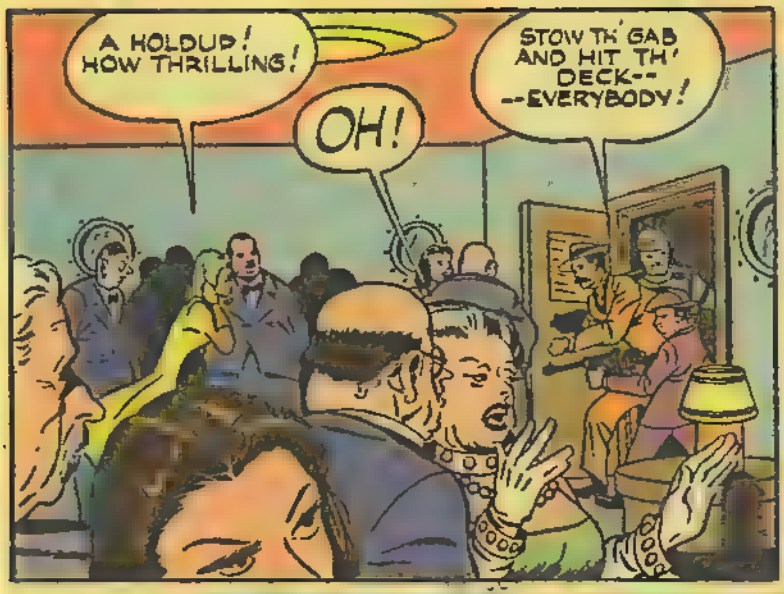
SO ENDS TONIGHT'S BROADCAST TO MY SELECT AUDIENCE OF ROGUES!--AND NOW THE **FIDDLER** WILL COLLECT HIS FEE!

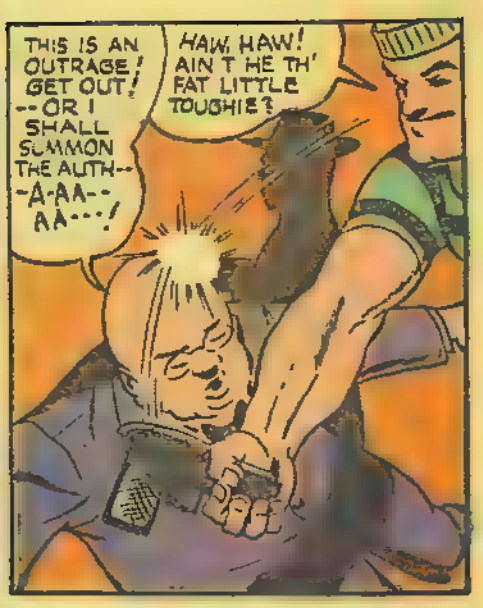
JUST A HARMLESS OLD BEGGAR, AS FAR AS THE PUBLIC IS CONCERNED! PEOPLE GIVE ME ALMS, EVEN AS I ROB THEM! HA, HA, HA!
ELEVEN O'CLOCK--AND ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS JUST LEFT HIS MICROPHONE, RETURNS TO HIS HOTEL--GREG SANDERS, FAMED ON THE RADIO AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!
AWFUL MUSIC THE OLD DUFFERS PLAYING--BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM---
HEY, GREG--GET A LOAD O' TH' DIME STORE SPARKLERS!
DIME STORE SPARKLERS, NOTHING! THAT'S MELBA MILLS, THE HEIRESS, AND THOSE JEWELS ARE WORTH HALF A MILLION!
MY MISTAKE! MAYBE I OUGHTA APOLOGIZE.
THE NEXT INSTANT--
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH WITHOUT THOSE ORNAMENTS, MISS MILLS!
EEE-EEE--!
ANYBODY WHAT BUTTS INTA DIS PARTY GETS BLASTED!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS WHILE I'M AROUND!
CAREFUL, STUFF!
WISH I WAS IN MY VIGILANTE OUTFIT, INSTEAD OF THIS DUDE GET-UP!
WHAT'S HAPPENING! --- OH--DEAR--
BRADY HOTEL
BELAY, YE LITTLE SWAB!
13

ARE YOU HURT, STUFF?
DID I BUMP INTO SOMEONE? PLEASE FORGIVE ME!
I'M NOT FEELIN' KITTENISH!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!-- WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING, YOU IMITATION COWBOY?
MY FRIEND AND I TRIED, MA'AM--BUT WE HIT ROUGH GOING!
I'M SORRY I CAN'T BE OF MORE HELP, OFFICER!
IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE! YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE TO TWO OR THREE STICKUPS IN THE LAST FEW DAYS!
I DON'T MIND LOSING THE DIAMONDS--BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO RUDE!
LATER, IN SANDER'S ROOM ---
HO-HUM--ONE SOCK ON THE DOME A NIGHT IS PLENTY! GUESS I'LL GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE!
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON THAT BLIND FIDDLER--THE COP SAID HE'D BEEN HANDY AT OTHER HOLDUPS--AND HE TRIPPED ME--
WELL, CALL ME CONFUCIUS IF THAT ISN'T HIM NOW, SAWIN' AWAY IN A SIDE STREET WITH NOBODY TO LISTEN!
THE FIDDLER HAS INDEED CHOSEN A STRANGE SPOT TO PLAY HIS CRYPTIC MELODIES--
WHAT A GENIUS I AM! PEOPLE WOULDN'T PAY TO HEAR ME ON THE CONCERT PLATFORM--BUT HERE I AM, MAKING THEM GIVE ME RICHES AND POWER JUST THE SAME!
THE BEST OF IT IS, I TAKE NO RISKS! NOT EVEN MY OWN MEN COULD IDENTIFY ME IN COURT! WHEN I'VE MADE ENOUGH MILLIONS, I CAN RETIRE IN PERFECT SAFETY!
SHORTLY--
HERE'S THE LOOT, FIDDLER--THE BOYS ARE AROUND THE CORNER, READY FOR THE NEXT JOB!
I SHALL AWAIT THEM AT THE OLD FERRY SLIP!
4


KEEN EYES, TRAINED IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES OF THE PURPLE SAGE, DO NOT WITNESS THE DRAMATIC TRANSACTION -- BUT --
IF THAT WASN'T ONE OF THE STICKUP ARTISTS, I'M A LOP-EARED BURRO! IT'S TIME THE VIGILANTE RODE HERD ON SOME VARMINTS AGAIN!
STRANGE-- I'M NOT SO SLEEPY ANY-- MORE!
SO IT IS THAT A FAMOUS FIGURE, SYMBOLIZING THE STERN JUSTICE OF THE OLD WEST, TAKES TO THE TROUBLE-TRAIL AGAIN--THE VALIANT VIGILANTE --
YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO GRAB HIM YET?
IT TAKES MORE THAN SUSPICION--
--TO PUT AN OUTLAW IN THE CALABOOSE --AND WE'RE GOING AFTER EVIDENCE!
HE TURNED THE CORNER, HEADING FOR THE WATERFRONT! WE'LL LOSE HIM, IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL!
SHOOT ME FOR A KYOODLING COYOTE-- HE'S GIVEN US THE SLIP!
BUT WHERE THE SENSE OF SIGHT FAILS, THE SENSE OF SOUND COMES TO THE AID OF THE SLEUTHING PAIR...
THAT CRAZY MUSIC--IT'S THE SAME KIND HE WAS PLAYING IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL!
HE GAVE US THE SLIP ALL RIGHT--THAT OLD FERRY SLIP!
OF ALL THINGS, HE'S PLAYING A TUNE TO THE MOON!
MAYBE HE'S HOPIN' THE RICH FOLKS ON THAT YACHT WILL TOSS HIM A FEW THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS! AIN'T SHE A LULU?
SHE IS INDEED A "LULU"--THIS DIESEL-POWERED YACHT, ABOARD WHICH R. FOSTER-FENNINGHAM, THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE, IS ENTERTAINING FRIENDS AS WEALTHY AS HIMSELF--
--AND YET THAT TINY LITTLE CRAFT CROSSING HER BOWS IS ABOUT TO MAKE PLENTY OF TROUBLE!
5

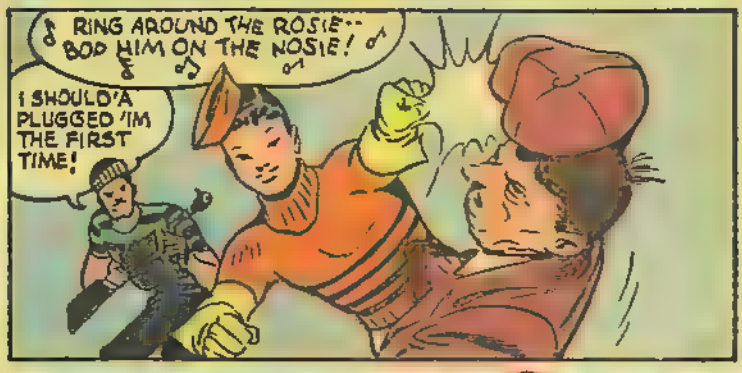
SHE'S HOOKED LIKE A FLOUNDER!
GET READY TO JUMP FOR THE WINCH, DROOP! I'M GOING TO RACE HER IN!
HOOK THE LINE TO THE REEL AND START THE ELECTRIC MOTOR!
THE POWERFUL WINCH, USED TO DRAW CUMBERSOME BOATS INTO THE SLIP IN HEAVY WEATHER, SNAPS THE ROPE TAUT, AND BEGINS TO REEL IT IN..
MEANWHILE ABOARD THE YACHT...
YOU SEE, SIR? NO MATTER WHICH WAY I TURN THE WHEEL SHE KEEPS HEADING FOR SHORE!
YOU SAY THE BOAT'S ACTING TEMPERAMENTAL? NONSENSE! I WON'T HAVE IT!
WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING, MR. FENNINGHAM-- EVEN REVERSED THE MOTORS-- BUT SHE KEEPS HEADING FOR THE OLD FERRY SLIP JUST THE SAME!
THE LAWMAN FROM THE PLAINS, AND THE CHINATOWN KID, HAVE SEEN NONE OF THIS SINISTER ACTIVITY FROM THEIR POINT OF VANTAGE-- AND SO THEY DO NOT APPRECIATE THE YACHT'S DANGER ---
D'YA RECKON HIS GANG'S ABOARD THAT FLOATIN' PARADISE, AN' HE'S SIGNALIN' 'EM TO COME IN?
EITHER THAT, OR THERE'S BLACK MAGIC IN HIS FIDDLING AND IT HAS BEWITCHED THE CREW!
AS THE SHARP PROW OF THE PLEASURE CRAFT NUDGES ROTTING PILES...
THERE'S THE FIDDLER'S SIGNAL! LET'S GO!
6

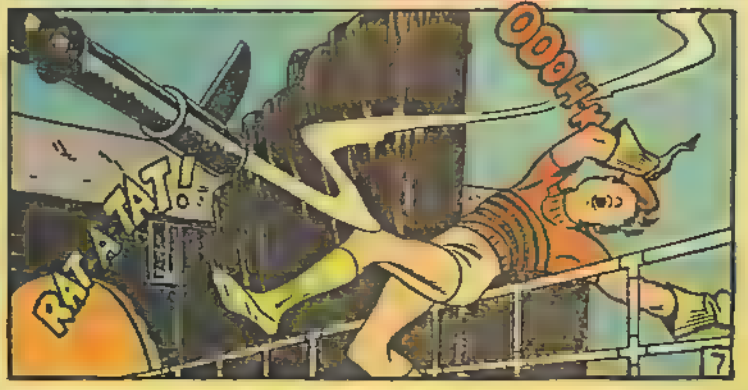

A HOLDUP! HOW THRILLING!
OH!
STOW TH' GAB AND HIT TH' DECK-- --EVERYBODY!

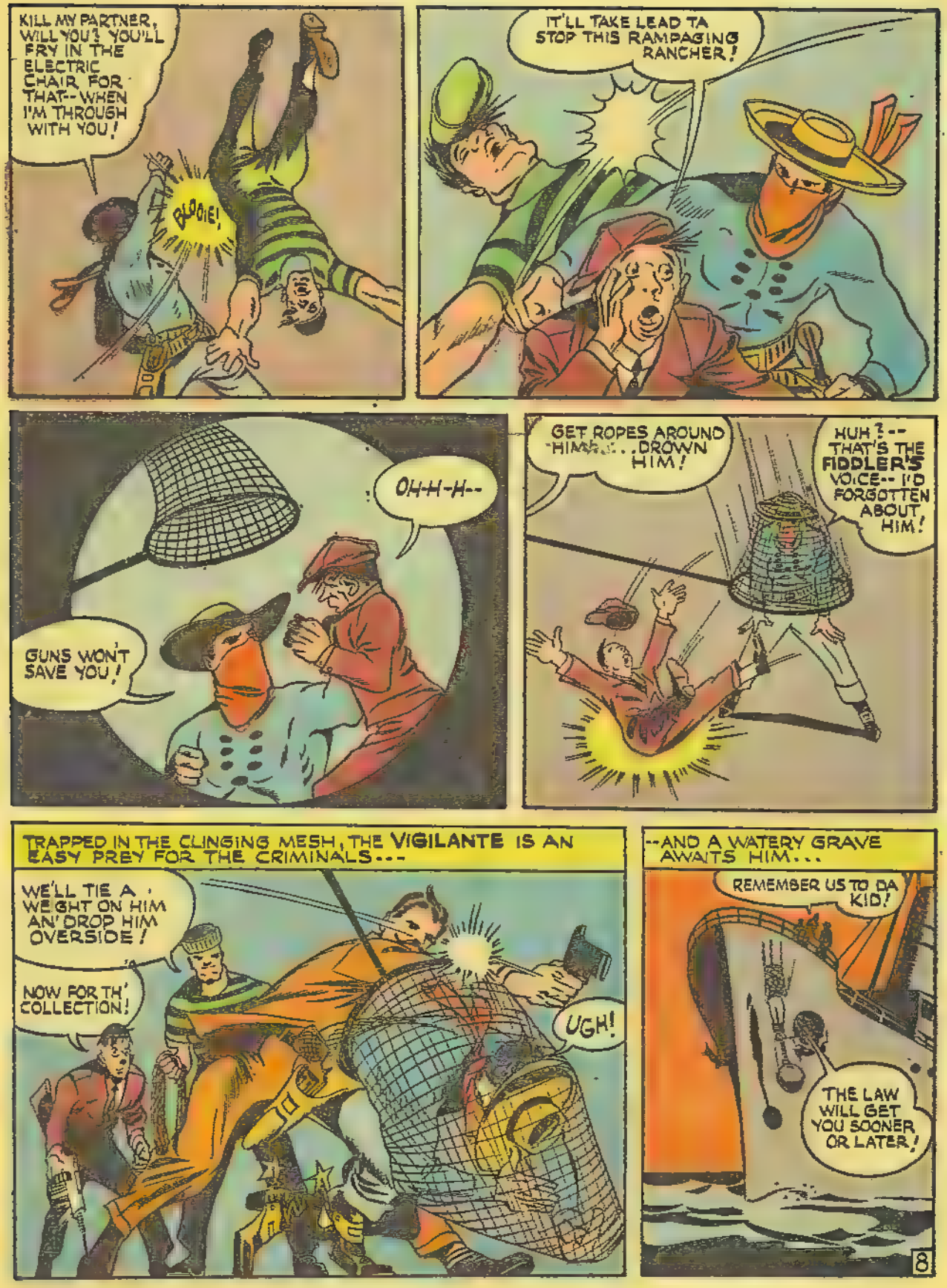

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! GET OUT! --OR I SHALL SUMMON THE AUTH--A-AA--AA---!
HAW, HAW! AIN'T HE TH' FAT LITTLE TOUGHIE?

AS THEY EXIT TO THE OUTER DECK, NONE NOTICES A SLENDER NOOSE HISSING OVERHEAD---
--AND ABRUPTLY--
WE'RE ROOTIN' TOOTIN' RAT RANGLERS!
THE VIGILANTE!

HELLO, SPORT-- YOUR EFFORTS MUST GO FOR NAUGHT!


♪ RING AROUND THE ROSIE-- BOP HIM ON THE NOSIE! ♪
I SHOULD'A PLUGGED 'IM THE FIRST TIME!


OOOHH!
RAT-A-TAT!


KILL MY PARTNER, WILL YOU? YOU'LL FRY IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR THAT--WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!
BLOOIE!
IT'LL TAKE LEAD TA STOP THIS RAMPAGING RANCHER!
OH-H-H--
GUNS WON'T SAVE YOU!
GET ROPES AROUND HIM!...DROWN HIM!
HUH?--THAT'S THE FIDDLER'S VOICE--I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIM!
TRAPPED IN THE CLINGING MESH, THE VIGILANTE IS AN EASY PREY FOR THE CRIMINALS---
WE'LL TIE A WEIGHT ON HIM AN' DROP HIM OVERSIDE!
NOW FOR TH' COLLECTION!
UGH!
--AND A WATERY GRAVE AWAITS HIM...
REMEMBER US TO DA KID!
THE LAW WILL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!
8

BUT THE TOUGH LITTLE CHINA-TOWN KID IS VERY MUCH ALIVE. THE SHOCK OF THE COLD WATER HAVING OFFSET THE STUNNING EFFECTS OF A SCALP WOUND
SPLASH!
THE ROTTEN MURDERERS!
IT'S STUFFY OR ELSE— BUT NO— I'M SURE I'M NOT DEAD YET!
WHAT A GAME LITTLE GUY
CAN'T HOLD OUT ANY MORE! THAT WEIGHT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME!
SUDDENLY—FRESH AIR!
THIS IS (GASP) NO TIME FOR BACK SLAPPING!
LISTEN—
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
SEND ME A BILL DA FOIST O' DA MONTH!

NOW!

CATCH THAT VIOLIN, STUFF!
ZOOM!

3 ACES
BUY
WAR
"SKY KNIGHTS OF MALTA"

ACTION COMICS!

AMERICOMMANDO

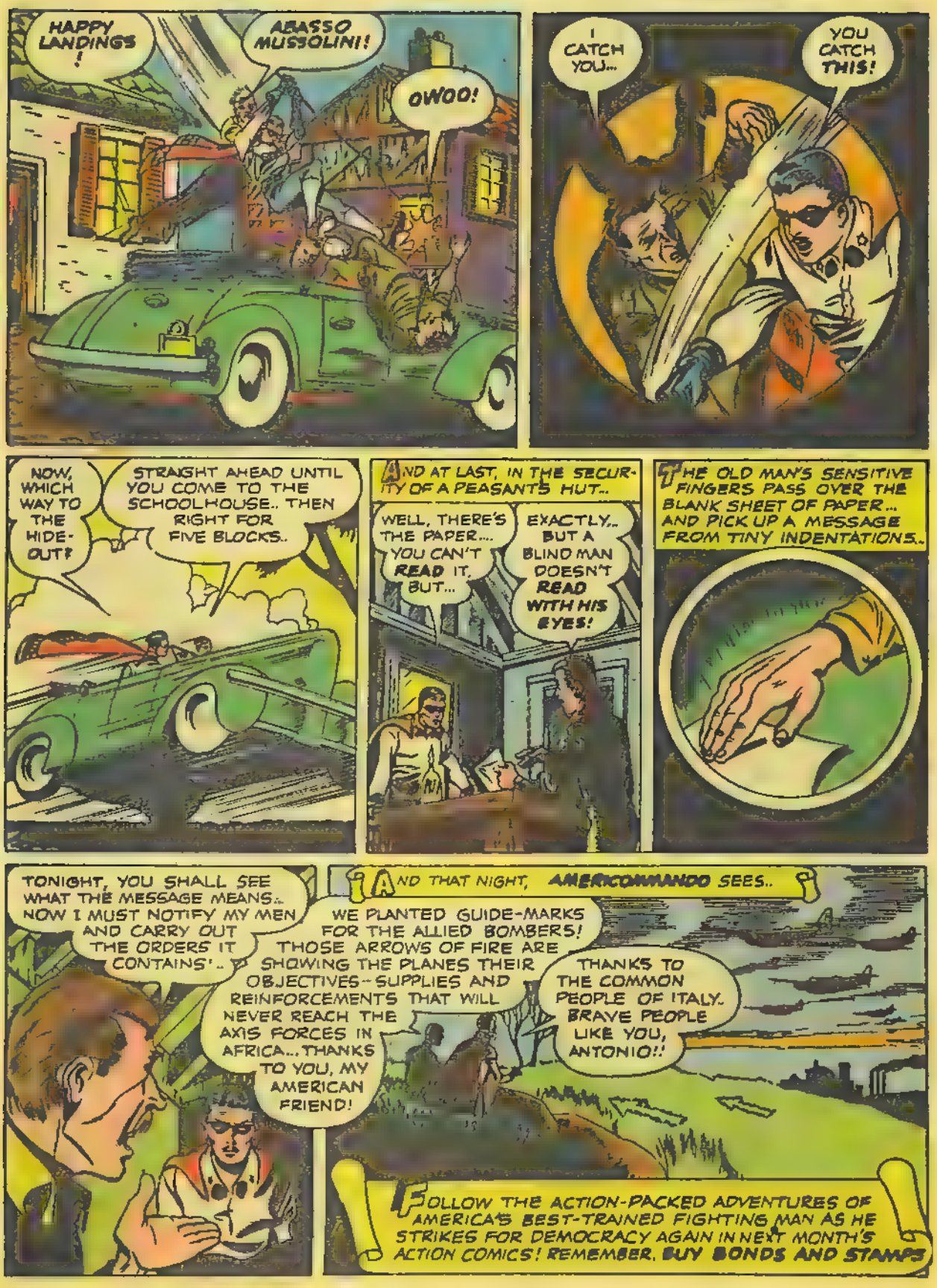
AMERKOMMANDO!
ANOTHER
LOOK OUT...!
JUST IN TIME

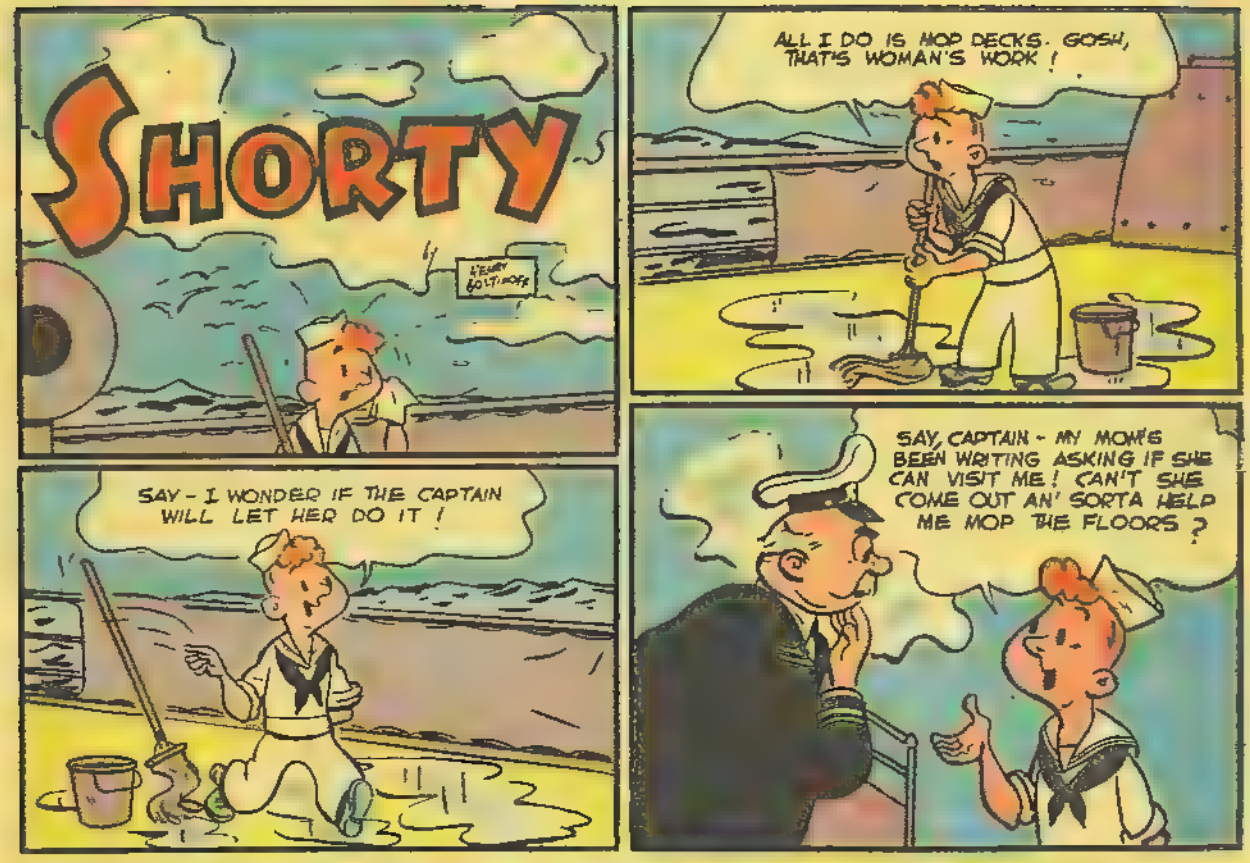
LATER AT A NEARBY AIRFIELD
I HAVE IT!

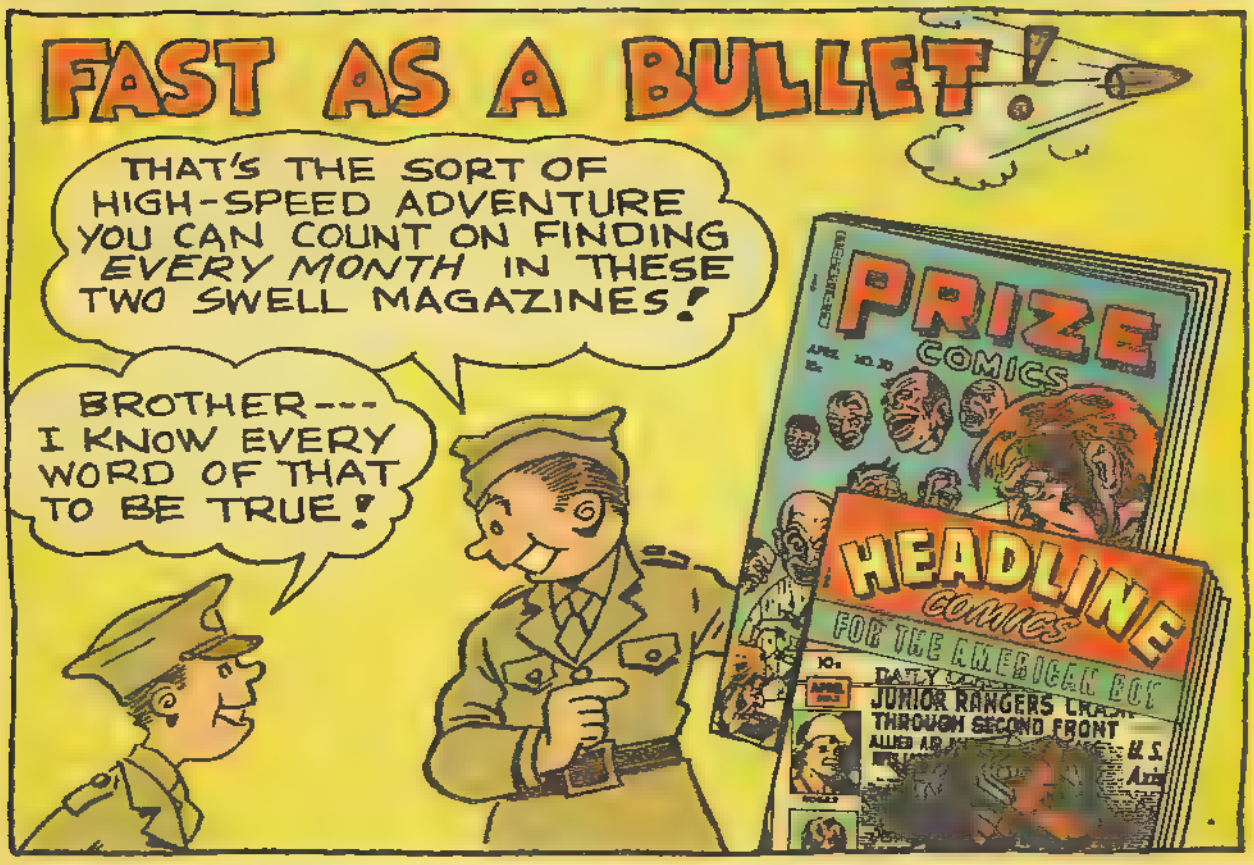
WHILE HIGH IN THE AIR...
THAT'LL KEEP THEM BUSY WHILE I MAKE FOR THE BELVEDERE!
PRESENTLY..
YES, I AM ANTONIO... COME IN, QUICK, YOU ARE AMERICOMMANDO?
SO YOU KNOW ME--
HMM... HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A FASCIST TO ME!
I WAS WAITING FOR A BRITISH AGENT SINCE YESTERDAY.. I HARDLY EXPECTED THE PLEASURE OF.. ER... RECEIVING YOU!
THE BRITISH AGENT IS DEAD. HERE IS THE MESSAGE HE HAD FOR YOU!
I DON'T LIKE HIS TONE..
THE SHEET IS BLANK, BUT THAT IS TO BE EXPECTED.... THIS CHEMICAL SHOULD BRING OUT THE MESSAGE...
YES, THE MESSAGE MUST BE THERE... A MAN GAVE HIS LIFE TO GUARD IT....
THERE IS NOTHING! I HAVE BEEN TRICKED! YOU HAVE GIVEN ME A A PLAIN, BLANK SHEET! CASTRO, BANDINO, COME HERE!
THAT'S THE PAPER THE AGENT GAVE ME... WHAT'S THIS? A TRAP!
YESSS---A TRAP! I'LL INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM COLONEL ULRICH VON GEISSLER, OF THE GESTAPO AND CHIEF OF THE ITALIAN SECRET POLICE!! YOUR ANTONIO IS SAFELY LOCKED UP UPSTAIRS!
I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY--TO FALL INTO THIS TRAP! SET BY THE HOOK MAN! YOU SEE--- I KNOW ABOUT YOU, VON GEISSLER!
I AM FLATTERED! I WILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE! GIVE ME THE SECRET OF THIS MESSAGE AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR LIFE, MONEY, POWER! REFUSE-- AND YOU SHALL HAVE THIS HOOK!
6

YOU CAN THINK IT OVER IN HERE. YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.
THEES AMERICOMMANDO, HE'S NOT SO TOUGH! EH, BANDINO!
WE FEEX HIM GOOD, IF HE NO TALK!
TO BE TRAPPED SO EASILY! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS FIX!
DO NOT EXCITE YOURSELF, MY FRIEND...
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM THE REAL ANTONIO! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE THE BRITISH AGENT WHO WAS TO BRING ME. BUT NO! YOU SOUND LIKE AN AMERICAN!
I AM AMERICOMMANDO! .... I TOOK THE BRITISH AGENTS PLACE' BUT THE PAPER HAD NOTHING ON IT' AND THE AGENT SAID YOU COULDN'T READ..
YES, I AM BLIND! BUT THAT PAPER DID HAVE INSTRUCTIONS I CAN READ IT IN MY OWN WAY!
HMM.. I THINK I UNDERSTAND.. I MUST RECOVER THE PAPER... GUARD!!.. GE SSLER' OPEN UP! I KNOW HOW TO READ THE PAPER' I'LL TELL YOU!
NO! NO' DO NOT TELL THEM! DO NOT BETRAY MY PEOPLE'
TAKE ME TO GEISSLER! I WILL TELL HIM THE SECRET!
YOU ARE NOT AMERICOMMANDO! YOU ARE A TRAITOR!
HA! YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND! GOOD'
IS AMERICOMMANDO ABOUT TO GIVE AWAY THE SECRET TO THE ENEMY? YOU DON'T REALLY THINK SO, DO YOU? LET'S SEE...
SO! YOU ARE WISE, AMERICOMMANDO! THE FUEHRER WILL BE HAPPY TO HEAR I I HAVE WON YOU TO OUR CAUSE'
NOW.... WITH THIS BOTTLE...

I'LL SHOW YOU TWO A BIT OF CHEMICAL WARFARE!
I CANNOT SEE!
OWEEE!
YOU AMER CAN SCHWEIN!.. TREACHEROUS DOG! YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME! I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
BUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, AMERICOMMANDO SIDE-STEPS THE VICIOUS LUNGE....
LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT HOOKED THAT TIME!
NOW TO GET ANTONIO, AND THEN OUT OF HERE...
YOU WON'T GET AWAY! THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED!
OW!
FORGIVE ME, AMERICOMMANDO, FOR DOUBTING YOU.. BUT HOW WILL WE ESCAPE?
LET'S TRY THE ROOF.. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY
WE HAVE A HIDING PLACE IN THE VILLAGE JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY..
CAN THIS TELEPHONE WIRE HOLD UP THE BOTH OF US?...WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE..
A PERILOUS SWING THROUGH THE AIR..
I TRUST YOU COMPLETELY.. MY FRIEND..
I HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD!
7


HAPPY LANDINGS!
ABASSO MUSSOLINI!
OWOO!
I CATCH YOU...
YOU CATCH THIS!
NOW, WHICH WAY TO THE HIDE-OUT?
STRAIGHT AHEAD UNTIL YOU COME TO THE SCHOOLHOUSE.. THEN RIGHT FOR FIVE BLOCKS..
AND AT LAST, IN THE SECURITY OF A PEASANT'S HUT..
WELL, THERE'S THE PAPER.... YOU CAN'T READ IT, BUT...
EXACTLY,.. BUT A BLIND MAN DOESN'T READ WITH HIS EYES!
THE OLD MAN'S SENSITIVE FINGERS PASS OVER THE BLANK SHEET OF PAPER... AND PICK UP A MESSAGE FROM TINY INDENTATIONS..
TONIGHT, YOU SHALL SEE WHAT THE MESSAGE MEANS.. NOW I MUST NOTIFY MY MEN AND CARRY OUT THE ORDERS IT CONTAINS'..
AND THAT NIGHT, AMERICOMMANDO SEES..
WE PLANTED GUIDE-MARKS FOR THE ALLIED BOMBERS! THOSE ARROWS OF FIRE ARE SHOWING THE PLANES THEIR OBJECTIVES--SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS THAT WILL NEVER REACH THE AXIS FORCES IN AFRICA... THANKS TO YOU, MY AMERICAN FRIEND!
THANKS TO THE COMMON PEOPLE OF ITALY. BRAVE PEOPLE LIKE YOU, ANTONIO!!
FOLLOW THE ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES OF AMERICA'S BEST-TRAINED FIGHTING MAN AS HE STRIKES FOR DEMOCRACY AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION COMICS! REMEMBER, BUY BONDS AND STAMPS


SHORTY
ALL I DO IS MOP DECKS. GOSH, THAT'S WOMAN'S WORK!
SAY - I WONDER IF THE CAPTAIN WILL LET HER DO IT!
SAY, CAPTAIN - MY MOM'S BEEN WRITING ASKING IF SHE CAN VISIT ME! CAN'T SHE COME OUT AN' SORTA HELP ME MOP THE FLOORS?


FAST AS A BULLET!
THAT'S THE SORT OF HIGH-SPEED ADVENTURE YOU CAN COUNT ON FINDING EVERY MONTH IN THESE TWO SWELL MAGAZINES!
BROTHER--- I KNOW EVERY WORD OF THAT TO BE TRUE!
PRIZE COMICS
HEADLINE COMICS
FOR THE AMERICAN BOY
JUNIOR RANGERS
THROUGH SECOND FRONT

THE SCARECROW

by Willis Blane

HE FELT very proud, not only because he was going home, but because he was chosen from many to give up his life.

Isn't it in the textbooks that they say in China life is cheap? There, the great cities used to teem with millions, and the country about them abounded in hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of human beings.

But life is not cheap in China today. Life is a proud possession to give one's country so that others may live.

Such were the thoughts of Ah Sun, an humble member of Generalissimo Chiang's valiant forces as he made his unobtrusive way about the countryside, which he knew so well. For Ah Sun the night held no terrors as it did for the Japs. He knew if Chinese eyes were watching him they were friendly, and not the hostile eyes lying in wait for the despised enemy. Eyes, Ah Sun thought proudly, that saw another member of a great fighting force.

True, he was not in uniform. Nor, was he actually fighting with the great Generalissimo's men. He was Ah Sun, member of a guerilla band, whose tent was the stars, whose bed was the earth, or the kindly rocks in the hill.

As he glided through the night, on padded feet, Ah Sun felt resentment flair within him. Almost five long years now had this unmerited fight gone on, years that had brought him back from America to fight side by side with the people of his father.

Almost five years! Ah Sun smiled proudly. The enemy had never believed China could hold out so long; and China now was just beginning really to fight. At last the planes were coming from overseas, and the tanks and guns and ammunition. New, also, were the leaders who brought strange methods of fighting, methods which were beginning to etch lines of worry in the faces of the enemy command.

Sabotage! Just add that to sniping from the hills and the rivers. Add it to the forays in the night when Jap sentries would be found in the morning, dead, their unseeing eyes on the country sky they desecrated.

It was proving a very powerful potion.

And then, suddenly, he tensed. Like a whisper on the breeze he heard his name called. "Ah Sun! Ah Sun."

Ah Sun smiled, reproached himself for too much reflection. He had not realized he was so near the town, and now already had the person who was to hide him been reached.

He stepped into the shadows, serenely confident in the intuition that told him this was the person. Silently, he followed.

For about ten minutes they walked, and then he was in a crude peasant hut, and a door in the floor was being opened and he was told to lower himself down.

It was but a cubicle, barely able to hold two people, if they were slight as most Chinese are. A candle sputtered and Ah Sun beheld two almond eyes, and gasped:

"A woman!"

But she was not. She was a girl, and she was saying, "Why not a girl? Do we not all fight for China?"

She was of the new China, like himself, he knew. But, also like himself, she clung to the honorable traditions of the old China. The slight blush beneath the grimy spots on her face betrayed this. Nevertheless her voice was firm as she gave the password.

Ah Sun answered in kind and the girl smiled.

He watched her, marvelling at such beauty and grace as she possessed, as she busied herself at a tiny stove. "You must be hungry and tired," she said. "I will prepare tea. Rest."

Ah Sun drank greedily, ate hungrily, and listened while she talked. Yes, this was the contact all right. There was no doubt about it. He looked up as she said, suddenly:

"This was the village of your honorable parents?"

"All of my ancestors." Humbly. "I have never seen it."

There must have been a light in his eyes betraying his thoughts; for the girl, whose name was Lotus, said: "It is not given everyone to avenge the desecration of the graves of honorable ancestors."

"I am very unworthy," he said. He was surprised how easily he had slipped into the thoughts of a peaceful China.

She smiled. "It is a very difficult task, this destruction of a munitions factory. It is heavily guarded. There is no approach, but the train to the city passes close by it." Her pear-shaped face was almost anxious. "You have thought of a plan?"

He shook his head. No, he had not. But if prayers really were answered, then he soon would think of one.

The girl's fingers touched his shoulders. "You must sleep," she said. "Tomorrow I will awaken you."

In a moment she was gone. But for a long time Ah Sun did not sleep. Over and over he turned around in his mind the task to which he had been assigned. And he knew he must not fail.

But how did one go about destroying a powerful munitions factory operated by the enemy? How did one soldier of China imagine he could best almost a regiment? As Lotus had said, to reach his objective was virtually impossible. The train on which peasants sometimes were carried to town, to work in other fields, to raise crops to feed the enemy, passed over a narrow gauge bridge,

close to the factory.

Oh, he knew all that, even to the depth of the water. All had been worked out by Chinese Intelligence, which also, knew the plant was carefully guarded and the trains watched.

All night, Ah Sun did not close his eyes. Morning found him still puzzling over the problem. And so it was during the day when, posing as a half-witted peasant, guided by his sister, Lotus, he went through the destroyed village, saw the hated enemy camped everywhere. He turned, heard Lotus' whisper. "I must leave now. You know your way back?"

He nodded, then shambled loonily about the town. Now and then enemy soldiers would push him into the mud of the streets, fancying themselves amused at the spectacle.

A rock struck him between the shoulders and he fell to the soft earth. A coarse voice called: "Look at that half-witted dog! Just like that scarecrow in the fields he falls."

Ah Sun picked himself up and saw ahead of him an old scarecrow that had been felled by the wind. For a long moment he stared at it, then commenced running again. In his mind was a picture he had seen earlier, old men and boys being herded into a work train. Every day, Lotus had said, Chinese males were pushed onto the train, taken past the city into other countrysides to work.

He was smiling as he made his way back to the rendezvous.

But there was no smile on his face next day as, an aged figure hanging onto his arm, he was prodded by gun butt into the work train. Not even half-wits, he had discovered, were exempt from work on the fields.

There was hundreds of Chinese in the car, on both ends of which were sentries with bared bayonets. Ah Sun was crowded against the outer wall of the car, two strips of board. Beside him was the bent figure which thus far had escaped the notice of the sentries. Aged and sick old men were no novelty to the enemy.

The train chugged on, and soon the familiar sights of the ruined village were lost. Hour upon hour it rolled, and the hot breeze of the summer day caused many of the prisoners to fall faint on the floor. The sentries laughed at their appeal for water, booted the nearest with heavy shoes. Ah Sun felt blood boil hotly within himself but checked his emotion. Those fools of sentries did not know how easily one could slip from this car, under cover of night. Probably, he thought, they knew old men and young boys and half-wits would never try to escape.

It was almost dusk when the train reached the bridge, sounded its warning whistle. The sentries jumped to attention. This was an important spot to be passing, and there was no telling when an officer might appear.

Ah Sun's sharp ears caught the whir of machinery, the hum of industry. The train rounded the bend, and then he saw it—his objective, the munitions plant. Intelligence had been right: it was heavily guarded. Soldiers manned machine guns above and around it.

Ah Sun smiled. It was so like the enemy to leave a door unguarded, so confident was he in his power. Such over-confidence had been of inestimable help in guerilla warfare. His lips moved, "And may it prove so now," he whispered.

The train was almost over the bridge now. Ahead of Ah Sun, packed in the crowd, a tortured throat cried for water. The sentry's face clouded, and his eyes searched for the offender.

No one saw the aged, bent figure against which Ah Sun had been leaning fall in the water. Not at first. Not until Ah Sun wailed wildly, "My father. My father! He has fallen out!"

Machine gun fire rattled over the spot where the figure was last seen. Sentries pushed their way to him, and one of them pulled the emergency cord. Ah Sun was babbling wildly, his eyes rolling. "My father! He will drown!"

A sentry smashed him across the mouth, dragged him to the front of the car. Another sentry looked into the water. "He is dead, the old fool," he said.

An officer came into the car. Ah Sun, still babbling, was pushed before him. "This fool's father fell out," the sentry holding Ah Sun explained.

"Save him! Save him!" Ah Sun pleaded.

The officer's fist struck him full in the face, sent him back into the crowd. He withdrew his gun, halfway from the holster. Then, abruptly, he replaced it, said to the sentry. "Half-wit or not, he still has two hands. And we can use them in the field. Signal the train to start." His foot bit into Ah Sun's ribs and the latter cowered in fear. "Be careful you do not fall off yourself, you dolt," the officer said.

Ah Sun was swallowed instantly in the throng.

The train started. The sentries returned to their post.

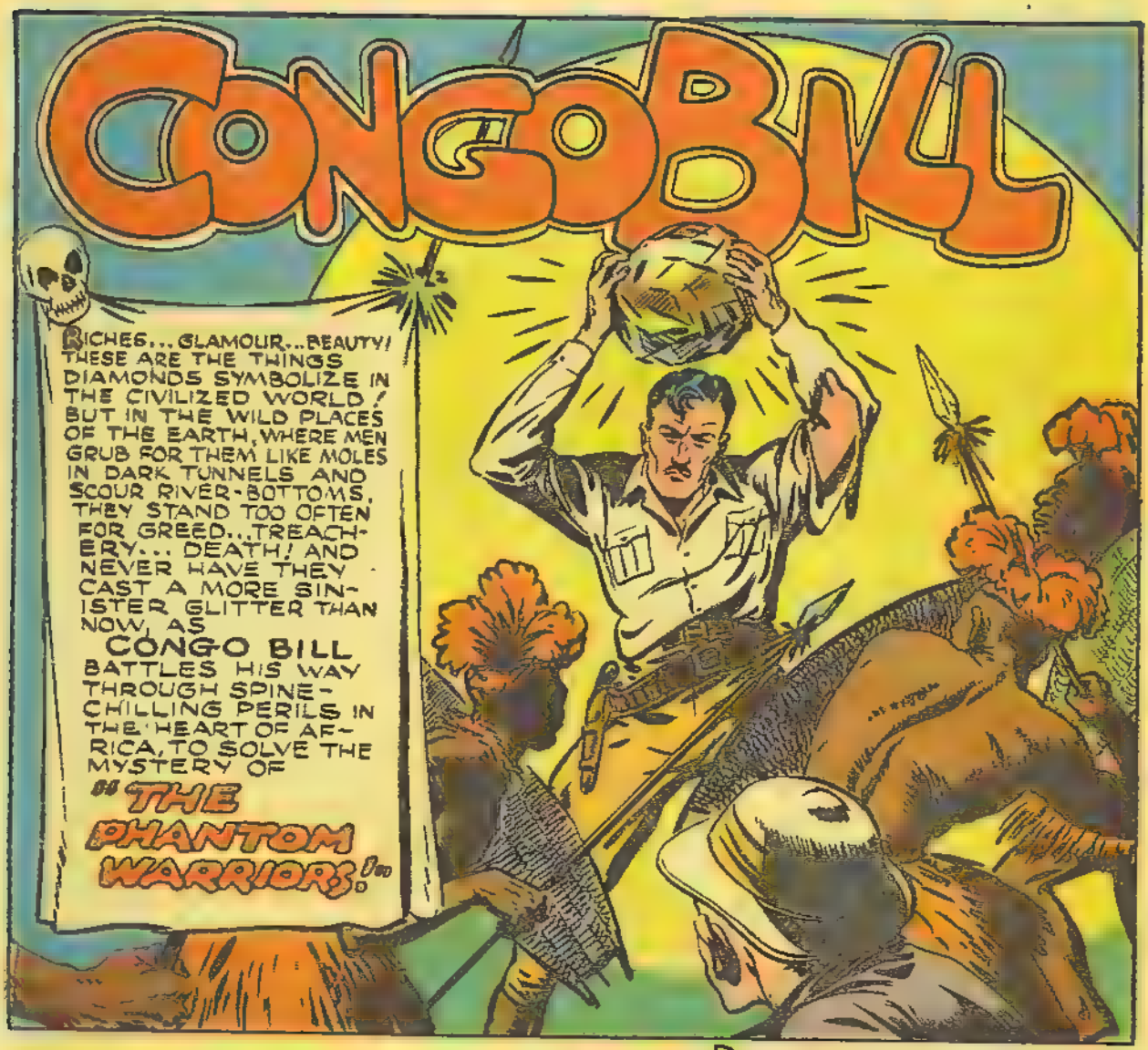
Ah Sun's eyes saw night falling and, as he wormed his way to the side of the car, he was very happy. It would be an hour before the delayed action bomb he had placed in the scarecrow he had taken from the field to pose as his sick father would go off.

The tide would bring it closer to the munitions factory and, when it went off, there would be no more factory to make arms against China.

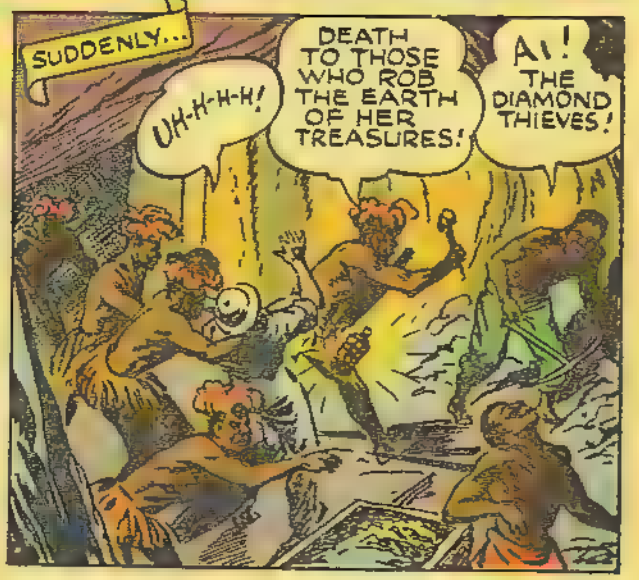
Nor no more Ah Sun. Already, his mind was busy with plans of the inevitable escape. It would be so simple, with darkness as his ally, to slip from the train.

He smiled happily. Once again, China would best the invader. And it would go on and on until the nation once more was free and a Chinese boy, in peace and security, could ask a girl to be his wife. A girl like Lotus, perhaps.

* the end *


CONGO BILL
RICHES... GLAMOUR... BEAUTY! THESE ARE THE THINGS DIAMONDS SYMBOLIZE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD! BUT IN THE WILD PLACES OF THE EARTH, WHERE MEN GRUB FOR THEM LIKE MOLES IN DARK TUNNELS AND SCOUR RIVER-BOTTOMS, THEY STAND TOO OFTEN FOR GREED... TREACHERY... DEATH! AND NEVER HAVE THEY CAST A MORE SINISTER GLITTER THAN NOW, AS CONGO BILL BATTLES HIS WAY THROUGH SPINE-CHILLING PERILS IN THE HEART OF AFRICA, TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF "THE PHANTOM WARRIORS!"

DEEP IN AN AFRICAN DIAMOND-MINE, NATIVES TOIL BY THE LIGHT OF FLARING TORCHES TO WREST WEALTH FROM ROCK AND CLAY.
THESE ARE BEAUTIES! THEY'LL BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM WHEN THEY'RE CUT AND POLISHED!


SUDDENLY...
UH-H-H-H!
DEATH TO THOSE WHO ROB THE EARTH OF HER TREASURES!
AI! THE DIAMOND THIEVES!

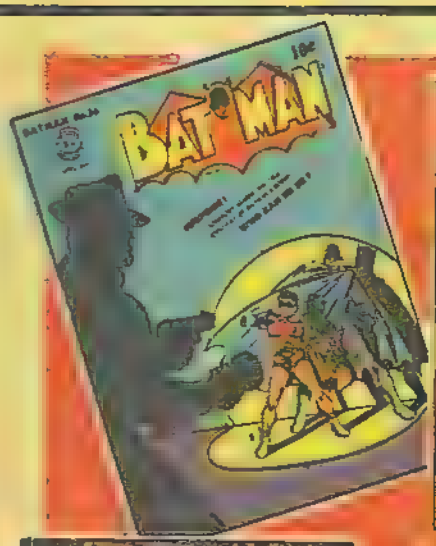
IN THE OFFICE OF THE MINE...
FOUR NATIVES AND SMITH MURDERED, AND ANOTHER FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS GONE! AS YOUR GENERAL MANAGER, SCOTT, I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL IT'S MY FAULT!
WHAT MORE COULD YOU DO, AGER? YOU'VE SEARCHED THE MINE AND CHECKED ON EVERYONE ENTERING OR LEAVING... WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? HOW DO THEY GET IN?
ENTER A FAMOUS ADVENTURER..
TOM SCOTT! I HEARD YOU'D TAKEN OVER THIS MINE, AND THOUGHT I'D SEE WHAT A REAL LIVE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE LOOKED LIKE!
CONGO BILL!
I HEARD YOU WERE HUNTING NAZI GHOSTS IN SOUTH AMERICA! WE HAVE SOME GHOSTS BOTHERING US RIGHT NOW!
HOW IS IT YOU'RE ALWAYS AROUND WHEN TROUBLE POPS?
... AND THIS IS THE FOURTH MYSTERIOUS RAID BY THESE PHANTOM WARRIORS! MY MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED, MY BEST DIAMONDS STOLEN--AND I'M PRACTICALLY RUINED!
HMM.. NONE OF THE OTHER DIAMOND HUNTERS IN THE DISTRICT HAS BEEN BOTHERED...
YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOOKED THE GROUND OVER ALREADY!
I HAVE! I HEARD OF THE "GHOST WARRIORS" AND WONDERED WHY SCOTT WAS TAKING A LICKING WHEN MEN LIKE VAN MEERS --WORKING A RIVER BED SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN EXHAUSTED YEARS AGO--ARE GETTING RICH! I SENT A POLICE CONSTABLE UP TO SEE HIM!
YOU HEAR THAT, AGER? CONGO BILL'S GOING TO HELP US! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
THAT AFTERNOON...
VAN MEERS' DIGGINGS ARE JUST AROUND THE BEND...
HELLO, VAN MEERS! HOW ABOUT PUTTING ME UP FOR THE NIGHT?
CONGO BILL IS ALWAYS WELCOME! COME UP TO THE HOUSE AND MEET AN OLD FRIEND-- CONSTABLE ANGUS!
WELL, ANGUS-- ANY LUCK?
AYE, LADDIE-- I HA' AN IDEA OR TWO ABOOT THE GHOSTIE WARRIORS!
I HOPE YOU GET THEM! WHEN WORD GETS AROUND THAT I'M FINDING DIAMONDS HERE, I'LL BE IN DANGER, TOO!
IF YE DINNA MIND, I'LL TAKE A LOOK ABOOT THE PREMISES BEFORE IT GETS DARK!
I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THE LAMPS ARE WORKING!
2

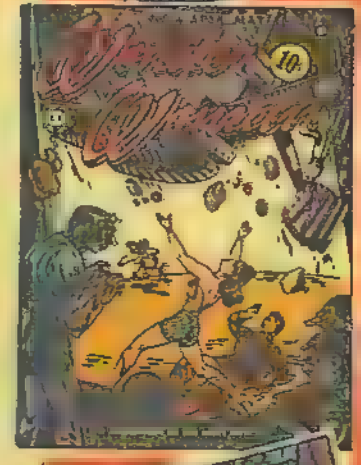
IT'S NICE HAVING A POLICE CONSTABLE HERE, WITH THOSE PHANTOM WARRIORS ON THE WARPATH!
PHANTOM WARRIORS, NOTHING! THEY'RE BANDITS WHO KNOW A SECRET ENTRANCE TO SCOTT'S MINE -- AND WE'LL GET THEM WHEN WE FIND OUT HOW THEY MARKET THE STOLEN DIAMONDS!
ABRUPTLY, A HOARSE CRY RINGS THROUGH THE CLEARING...
STOP, LADDIE! ARE YE DAFT?... AAAA-AAAA...
IT'S ANGUS! HE'S IN TROUBLE!
I AM FRIGHTENED!
AT THE EDGE OF THE BUSH...
STABBED TO DEATH -- AND IT ISN'T HARD TO GUESS WHY! HE KNEW TOO MUCH! -- WHAT'S THIS? -- ONLY PIPE ASHES...
BENT TWIGS INDICATE THE KILLER WENT THIS WAY! IF I FIND HIM IT WILL BE THE THE UNLUCKIEST DAY OF HIS ROTTEN LIFE!
THAT'S FUNNY...THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE EDGE OF THIS SPRING-FED POOL -- YET THE KILLER ISN'T HERE, AND HE COULDN'T HAVE CLIMBED THOSE ROCKS!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
SPEARS! THE "GHOST-WARRIORS" ARE TRYING TO MAKE A GHOST OUT OF ME!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THERE'S MUCH CHOICE BETWEEN DROWNING AND BEING STABBED OR CLUBBED TO DEATH -- BUT HERE GOES!
BUT A POWERFUL CURRENT SWEEPS THE JUNGLE ROVER TOWARD THE SHEER ROCK CLIFF -- AND THROUGH IT!
A SUBTERRANEAN RIVER! EITHER I'M A GONER, OR I'VE FOUND EXACTLY WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!

SCREAMING SAVAGE THREATS, THE PAINTED WARRIORS TAKE UP THE CHASE...
OOLA! OOLA! KILL CONGO BILL!
THE BLOOD-THIRSTY DEVILS ARE AFTER ME-- THEY KNOW THIS ROUTE, AND I DON'T!
BEHIND THE HARD-PRESSED ADVENTURER, AN EBONY HAND PULLS A HANGING ROPE...
CRUSH OUR ENEMY, ROCK OF DEATH!
LOOK OUT, CONGO BILL!
WHAT'S THIS?-- A TRAP!
GRAZED ME -- AND IT HURT PLENTY! HOPE IT DIDN'T BREAK ANY BONES...
MY LEG'S HURT... CAN'T KEEP RUNNING AWAY... MAYBE IF I CAN HIDE IN THIS NICHE, THEY'LL GO PAST...
AS HIS BODY LEANS WEARILY AGAINST THE ROCK, AN EERIE THING HAPPENS..
THE ROCK'S MOVING! WH-WHY-- IT'S OPENING -- LIKE A DOOR!
IT'S ONE OF THE TUNNELS OF SCOTT'S MINE! I'VE FOUND THE SECRET ENTRANCE!

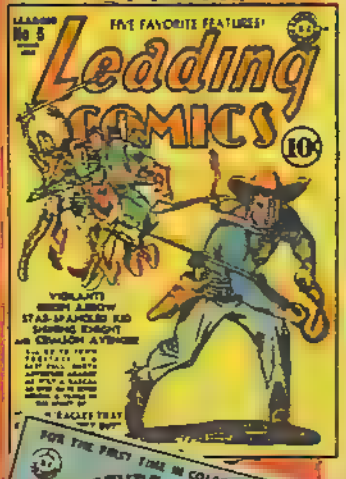
ARMED SEARCHERS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE MINE SIGHT THE "PHANTOM WARRIORS" AT LAST...
THERE THEY ARE -- AND A WHITE MAN IS LEADING THEM!
A VOLLEY OF RIFLE BULLETS PUTS THE INTRUDERS TO FLIGHT -- ALL BUT ONE...
WE GOT THEIR LEADER, ANYWAY! LET'S SEE WHO HE IS!
OOO-O-O...
LATER...
BUT WHY WON'T YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PROVE I'M INNOCENT?
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! DIDN'T OUR MEN SEE HIM LEADING THOSE BANDITS? CONGO BILL IS A PHONY, USING A PHONY REPUTATION TO COVER UP HIS SECRET CRIMES!
I HATE TO BELIEVE IT -- BUT HOW CAN I HELP IT?
SORRY TO GET ROUGH -- BUT YOU MADE IT NECESSARY!
THIS PROVES HE'S GUILTY! AFTER HIM!
HE'S HEADING FOR THE BRUSH! YOU TRAIL HIM, SCOTT, WHILE I TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF FROM THE RIVER!
I CAN HEAR THEM FOLLOWING... MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO GO TO VAN MEERS AND FORCE HIM TO CONFESS! I'M SURE THAT LAMP HE LIGHTED WAS A SIGNAL TO THE MAN WHO KILLED ANGUS!
BUT AT VAN MEERS' HUT...
DEAD! AND HIS BODY IS WARM, WHICH PROVES HE WAS ALIVE MINUTES AGO!
SO ENDS A MANHUNT!
DON'T MOVE, OR I'LL SHOOT...TOO BAD! I DIDN'T GET HERE IN TIME TO SAVE VAN MEERS' LIFE!
SUDDENLY...
DROP YOUR WEAPON OR DIE, FOOL!

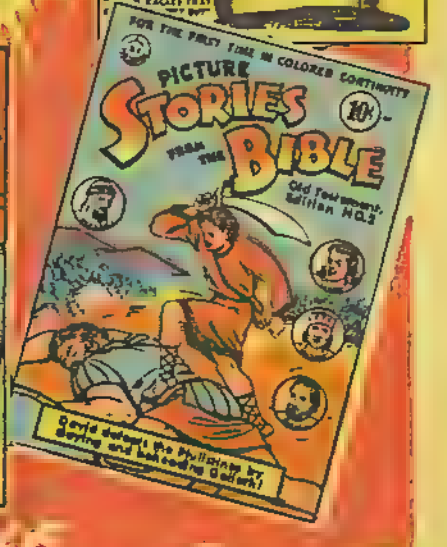
AND NOW, YOU WILL DIE ANYWAY! KILL THEM, WARRIORS!
MIND IF I SIT DOWN?
WELL, WELL-- JUST LIKE A SEE-SAW!
OOLA! OOLA!
WATCH HIM! HE'S TRICKY!
AS FLAMING KEROSENE SPLASHES, FIRES ARE STARTED--AND EXTINGUISHED!
HAVING SET YOU ABLAZE, I'LL PUT YOU OUT--AND I DO MEAN OUT!
LET ME HELP!
HERE'S ONE FIRE THAT WILL STOP YOU!
NOT THIS TIME, AGER!
HUH?-- AGER!?
OF COURSE! HE HEARD ME SAY I'D SENT ANGUS HERE, AND HURRIED HERE TO KILL HIM BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE! I GUESSED IT WAS AGER WHEN I HEARD ANGUS CALL HIS KILLER 'LADDIE'-- A TERM HE'D USE ONLY TO A WHITE MAN HE KNEW WELL!
THE CRIMINAL HAD TO KNOW THE MINE THOROUGHLY--AND IT COULD HARDLY BE YOU, ROBBING YOURSELF! BESIDES, AGER SMOKES A PIPE--AND THERE WERE WARM TOBACCO ASHES ON ANGUS' BODY, ALTHOUGH I'D SEEN HIM EMPTY HIS PIPE NOT A MOMENT BEFORE!
BUT HOW ABOUT VAN MEERS!
HE WAS AGER'S PARTNER! HE DIDN'T FIND DIAMONDS IN THE RIVER--HE ONLY PRETENDED TO, TO EXPLAIN HIS HANDLING OF THE ONES STOLEN FROM YOU! AGER BEAT ME HERE AND KILLED HIM TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING!
YOU GET MY APOLOGY, CONGO BILL--AND ALSO A HALF INTEREST IN MY DIAMOND MINE, IF YOU'LL TAKE IT! I'D HAVE LOST IT ALL IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU!
NO, THANKS, SCOTT! WEALTH AND RESPONSIBILITY WOULD ONLY TIE ME DOWN, AND I COULDN'T STAND THAT! YOU KEEP YOUR DIAMONDS-- AND I'LL TAKE ADVENTURE!
6
AND YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE ADVENTURE BY BUYING WAR STAMPS AND BONDS. NOT EVERYBODY WITH A DOLLAR TO SPARE CAN SHOOT A GUN STRAIGHT, BUT EVERYBODY CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT TO THE BANK AND BUY STAMPS AND BONDS!





BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!





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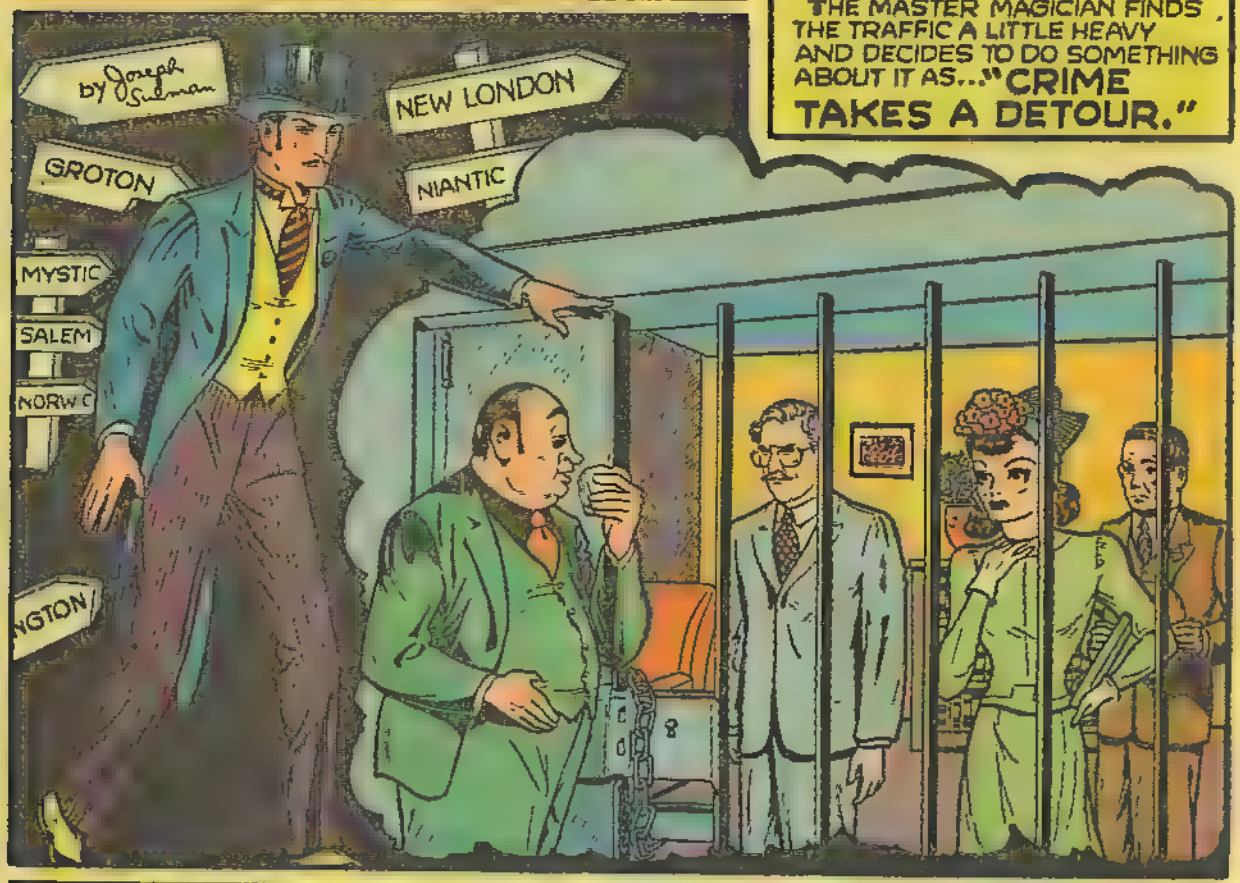
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

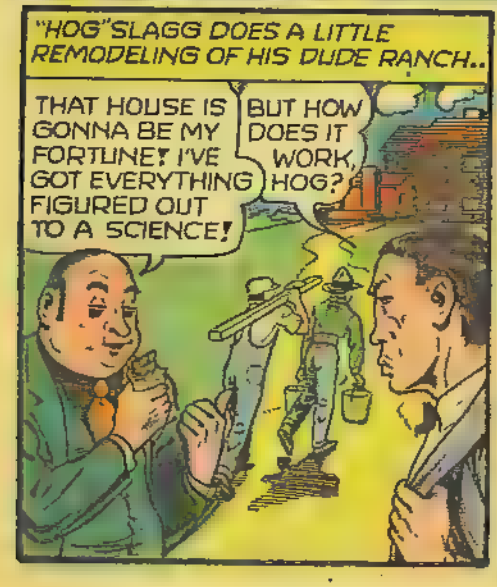
ALL ROADS LEAD TO "HOG" SLAGG'S PALACE OF PRISONERS, AS THE UNDERWORLD TAKES THE EASIEST ROUTE TO QUICK MONEY!

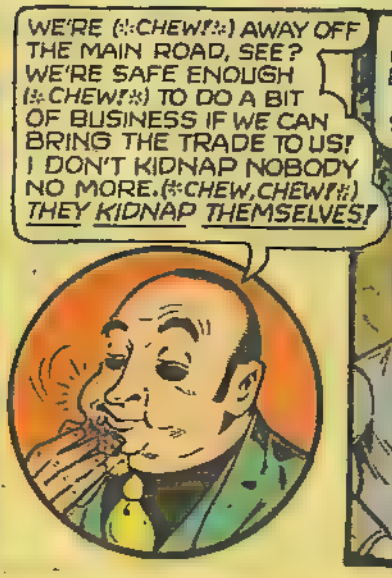
ROADMAPS AREN'T NEEDED IN THIS LATEST RACKET, BECAUSE IT'S THE DETOURS THAT BRING IN THE CUSTOMERS WHO EITHER PAY OR ELSE...!

THE MASTER MAGICIAN FINDS THE TRAFFIC A LITTLE HEAVY AND DECIDES TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT AS..."CRIME TAKES A DETOUR."



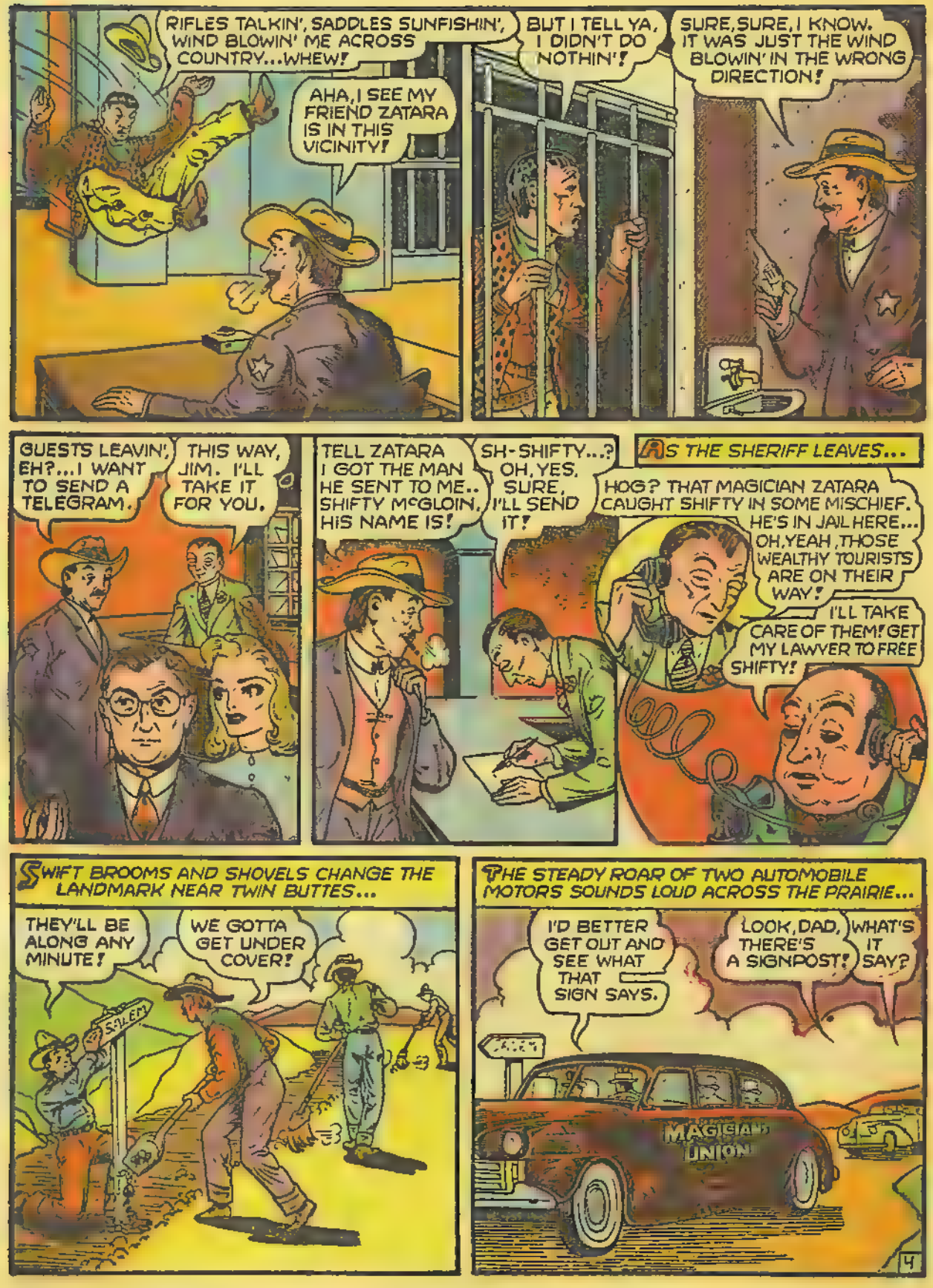
"HOG" SLAGG DOES A LITTLE REMODELING OF HIS DUDE RANCH..




WE'RE (*:CHEW!:*) AWAY OFF THE MAIN ROAD, SEE? WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH (*:CHEW!:*) TO DO A BIT OF BUSINESS IF WE CAN BRING THE TRADE TO US! I DON'T KIDNAP NOBODY NO MORE. (*:CHEW, CHEW!:*) THEY KIDNAP THEMSELVES!

THAT ROAD BRINGS SOME OF THE WEALTHIEST PEOPLE IN AMERICA TRAVELLING TO SEE THE SIGHTS HERE. THERE'S ANOTHER ROAD LEADING OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY...
"WHEN THE HOTEL MANAGER TIPS ME OFF THAT A GOOD PROSPECT IS LEAVING TOWN, WE SWEEP THE SAND OFF THE OTHER ROAD...."
SILLY IDEA, COVERIN' THIS ROAD UP ALL TH' TIME!
NO IT AIN'T! IN CASE AN AIRPLANE SHOULD FLY OVER, IT WOULD NOT SEE IT!
"WHEN THE ROAD IS UNCOVERED, THE SIGNPOSTS ARE SWITCHED.."
NOT KNOWING THESE ROADS, THEY'LL GO WHERE THIS SIGN TELLS 'EM TO... AND LAND RIGHT IN OUR LAPS!
GROTON
SO YOU SEE, I GET MY VICTIMS TO "KIDNAP" THEMSELVES! ALL I DO IS SIT AND WAIT FOR THEM!
THAT SOUNDS TOO SLOW FOR ME! I LIKE EXCITEMENT, I DO!
YESSIR, GIMME THE DAYS OF JESSE JAMES AND THE DALTON BOYS. SAY, LOOK AT THAT COWBOY OUTFIT!
NOT BAD AT ALL FOR A DRUG-STORE COWBOY! SAAAY- MAYBE I MIGHT PICK UP A FEW PESOS BY ROBBING THE CROSS-COUNTRY BUS A LA JESSE JAMES STYLE!
AND THUS, AS THE HUGE LAND LEVIATHAN THUNDERS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE ROAD, SUNLIGHT GLIMMERS ON SHIFTY'S UPRAISED RIFLE...
HALT, OR I SHOOT!
2

SUDDENLY, THINGS BEGIN TO GO ALL WRONG.
TOUGH GUY, HEY?
HEY, DON'T PULL MY HAT OVER MY EYES! I GOT TO SEE, IN CASE THEM GUYS GET TOUGH!
OH, YOU GOTTA SEE, DO YOU? WELL, HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE, THEN!
THE SADDLE RISES!
WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN? I'M GOING UP IN THE WORLD, I'LL SHOW YOU!
HEY, YOU GUYS! THINK OF ME!
GO TO IT!
I'M CARRYIN' YOU, BUDDY! JUST HANG ON!
ARE YOU TELLIN' ME?
WHAT AM I SAYIN'? IS THIS A SADDLE I'M TALKIN' TO? WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO THESE THINGS ANYHOW?
FROM THE BUS STEPS THE MASTER MAGICIAN, HIS POTENT HANDS AND EYES BLAZING MAGIC..
AND NOW BE OFF WITH YOU... DNIW WOLB MIH OT LIAJ!*
*READ THIS BACKWARDS FOR TRANSLATION.
ON YOUR WAY, BUSTER!
DIDN'T SOMEBODY ONCE SAY SOMETHIN' ABOUT AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD?!


RIFLES TALKIN', SADDLES SUNFISHIN', WIND BLOWIN' ME ACROSS COUNTRY...WHEW!
AHA, I SEE MY FRIEND ZATARA IS IN THIS VICINITY!
BUT I TELL YA, I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!
SURE, SURE, I KNOW. IT WAS JUST THE WIND BLOWIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!
GUESTS LEAVIN', EH?...I WANT TO SEND A TELEGRAM.
THIS WAY, JIM. I'LL TAKE IT FOR YOU.
TELL ZATARA I GOT THE MAN HE SENT TO ME.. SHIFTY McGLOIN, HIS NAME IS!
SH-SHIFTY...? OH, YES, SURE, I'LL SEND IT!
AS THE SHERIFF LEAVES...
HOG? THAT MAGICIAN ZATARA CAUGHT SHIFTY IN SOME MISCHIEF. HE'S IN JAIL HERE... OH, YEAH, THOSE WEALTHY TOURISTS ARE ON THEIR WAY!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! GET MY LAWYER TO FREE SHIFTY!
SWIFT BROOMS AND SHOVELS CHANGE THE LANDMARK NEAR TWIN BUTTES...
THEY'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!
WE GOTTA GET UNDER COVER!
SALEM
THE STEADY ROAR OF TWO AUTOMOBILE MOTORS SOUNDS LOUD ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...
I'D BETTER GET OUT AND SEE WHAT THAT SIGN SAYS.
LOOK, DAD, THERE'S A SIGNPOST!
WHAT'S IT SAY?
MAGICIANS UNION
4

THAT'S WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET ZATARA. GUESS THAT'S THE ROAD, ALL RIGHT!
SALEM IS ON THE WAY TO THE STATE CAPITOL WHERE WE WANT TO GO!
SALEM
THE CARS SHIFT INTO HIGH AS THEY GO ROARING UP THE SIDE ROAD....
HERE THEY COME. BOY, HOG'S GOT QUITE A RACKET WORKED OUT! IMAGINE MAKIN' PEOPLE KIDNAP THEMSELVES FOR HIM!
MEANWHILE, THE MASTER MAGICIAN CHAFES AT THE DELAY IN THE ARRIVAL OF HIS TROUPE...
THEY WERE DUE FOR THE U.S.O. BENEFIT PERFORMANCE AN HOUR AGO!
THE SHOW ISN'T UNTIL TONIGHT. PERHAPS THEY WERE FIGURING ON SEEING SOME SIGHTS!
NO, THEY WERE TO PRACTICE THEIR ACT WITH ME. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
EB NI MROF FO DUOLC!
INSTEAD OF ZATARA, A LOW-HANGING CLOUD HANGS POISED IN THE ROOM....
ULP! WHEW, THAT'LL WOW THE BOYS!
LEISURELY IT FLOATS OUT AND ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...
I CAN SEE A LOT OF TERRITORY FROM THIS HEIGHT!
DNAS ESIR DNA KAEPS!
HEY, ZATARA! GET A LOAD OF THIS, WILL YOU? A ROAD.. I'VE BEEN HIDING IT.. BUT I WON'T ANY LONGER!

A HIDDEN ROAD!
IT'S A CINCH IT AIN'T NO BRIDLE PATH!
WHY KEEP A ROAD SECRET—UNLESS FOR AN EVIL PURPOSE? EVOM, DAOR!
BENEATH HIS FEET THE ROAD SLITHERS AND TWISTS INTO AN ESCALATOR....
AND I'LL SOON FIND OUT ABOUT THAT!
AHEAD OF HIM, HOG SLAGG COUNTS HIS PROFITS..
HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GUESTS! NOT BAD AT ALL!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!
FOR WHAT? I DIDN'T KIDNAP YOU! BESIDES, YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THIS HOUSE AGAIN! BUT LET'S NOT CALL IT A RANSOM. LET'S SAY IT'S A.. HOTEL BILL, EH?
YOU MONEY-MAD FIEND!
—AND YOU PUNKS! BAH! JUST MY LUCK YOU CAME ALONG! BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY...ALIVE!
YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT, HAVEN'T YOU?
NEVER MIND THAT FAT HOG! HELP ME CLOSE THE WINDOW SO THAT FOG DOESN'T COME IN!
BOY, IT SURE GETS MISTY HERE AT NIGHT!
PSST! DON'T TALK SO LOUD!
6

THAT SLAGG HAS SOME SORT OF RACKET GOING ON HERE, HASN'T HE?
YOU'RE TELLIN' US? IT'S PERFECT! EXCEPT THAT WE STUMBLED INTO IT.. AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO GET BUMPED OFF!
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOU'RE ALL MAGICIANS! YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO START A LITTLE FUN WHILE I'M SPEAKING TO SLAGG!
EH? OH. OH!
WITH A SPECIALLY PREPARED POWDER, ZATARA'S DISCIPLE IN MAGIC CAUSES THE ILLUSION OF SEARING FLAMES!
WATCH CLOSELY.. AHA! THE DRAPES ARE ON FIRE!
THE "FLAMES" SOON SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE FLOOR...
GET US OUT! WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!
HELP! HELP!
TAKE IT EASY, YOU GUYS! WE'LL GET YOU OUT!
WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO DO - BURN DOWN THE PLACE?
A FLAME-THROWER YOU USE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
WHAT—! IT'S SABOTAGE!
I'LL GIVE MY RABBITS A CHANCE FOR THEIR LIVES! RUN, MY LITTLE ONES!
HEY! DO THEY HAVE TO RUN BETWEEN MY LEGS?
OOPS!

THE CONFUSION MOUNTS...LONG SILK SCARVES TWIST AROUND THE THUGS!
I'M TIED IN KNOTS!
WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME?
MEANWHILE:
SO YOU HAD TO HOLD UP A BUS, HEY? YOU IDIOT! SUPPOSE ZATARA HAD CAUGHT WISE, HEY? JUST SUPPOSE!
AW, HOW COULD HE EVER FIND OUT?
WELL, WELL! SHIFTY AND I MEET AGAIN!
WASN'T THAT JAIL BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD YOU?
NUG EB LEEHWNIP!
IT'S HIM!
SHOOT, YOU SAP! SHOOT!
SHIFTY'S GUN TURNS INTO A GYRATING PINWHEEL!
YEEEOW! HAAALP! I CAN'T LET GO OF THIS THING!
YOU CAN'T PULL YOUR TRICKS ON ME! I'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!
EB YRGNUH! EB GNIVRATS!
IT AIN'T POSSIBLE! NO...NO! I BEEN EATIN' ALL MY LIFE AN'...AN' I'M HUNGRIER THAN EVER!
EGAC DNA DOOF RAEPPA!
LEMME OUT! LEMME OUT! OW! I'M HUNGRY! I'M STARVIN' TO DEATH!
8

YOU CAN EAT THE FOOD AS SOON AS YOU SIGN A CONFESSION OF WHAT YOU WERE DOING! IN OTHER WORDS, CONFESS YOUR ENTIRE EVIL SCHEME!
I'LL SIGN IT! ONLY LEMME AT THAT FOOD! HERE. HERE IT IS!
I...I... AW, I AIN'T HUNGRY ANY MORE!
NOW WE'LL GO DOWN AND ROUND UP THE REST OF YOUR MOB! IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH THEY'D BE GLAD TO BE RESCUED, TOO!
HELP! OHH! HELP!
HAALP! GET US OUTA THESE THINGS! THEY'RE SAWIN' US IN TWO!
A LITTLE TREATMENT THAT WILL DO THEM GOOD!
NICE WORK, BOYS! YOUR BAG OF TRICKS CAME IN HANDY!
IT GAVE US A GOOD PRACTICE SESSION FOR THE U.S.O. ENTERTAINMENT, TOO! WE'RE HOT FOR THAT SHOW! WE'LL WOW 'EM!
WHEW! NEVER AGAIN! JAIL WILL BE A PLEASANT PLACE AFTER THIS!
WE WON'T TAKE ANY DETOURS IN GETTING HOG, SHIFTY, AND THE OTHER THUGS SAFE BEHIND JAIL BARS! THEN WE MAGICIANS WILL HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET TO THE ARMY CAMP FOR OUR SHOW!
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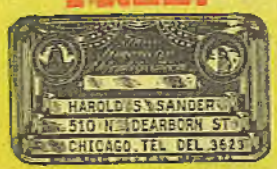

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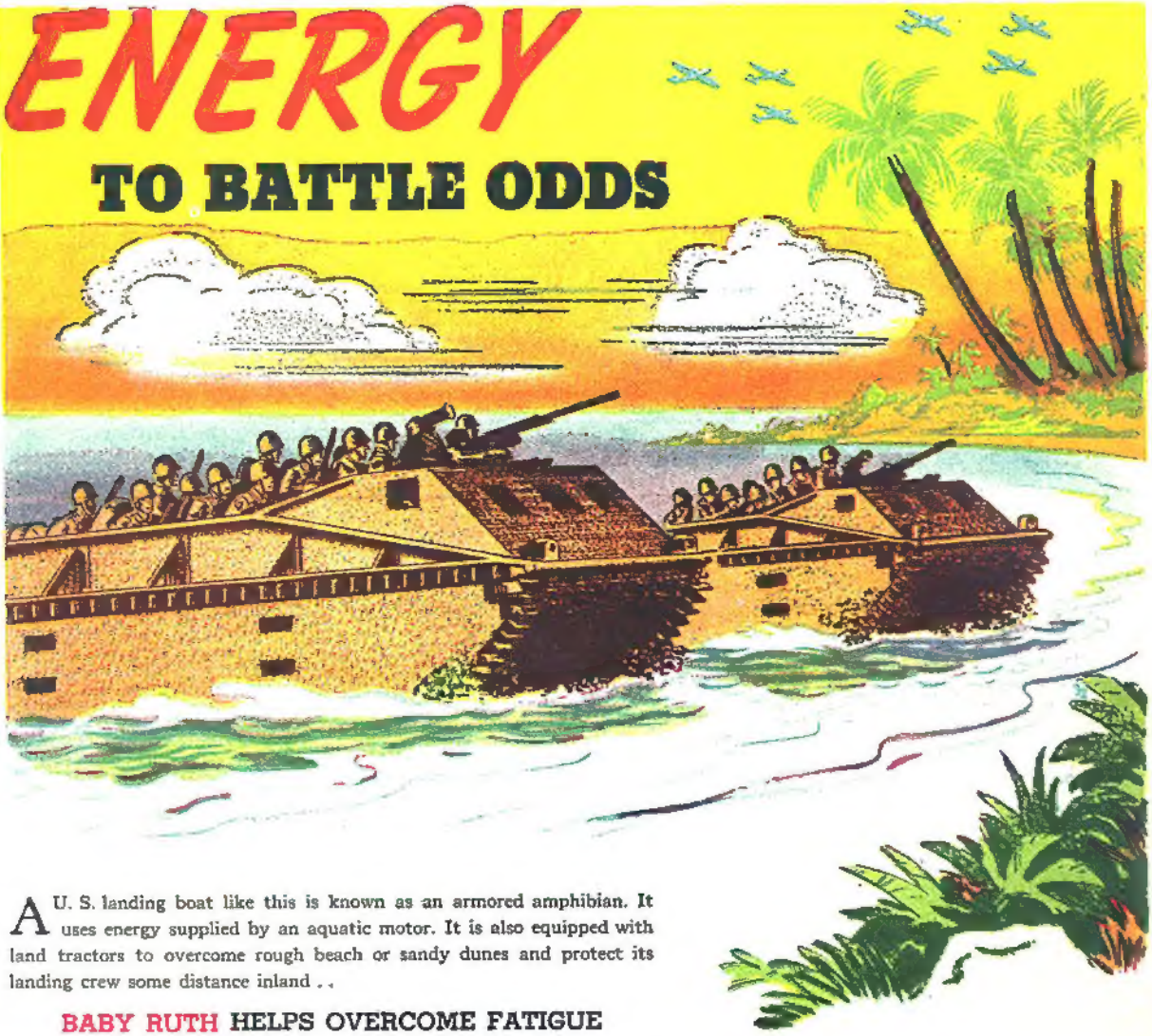

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